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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE iron-clad navies of England and France have met in the harbour of Cherbourg, and celebrated together the fête-day of the Emperor. Such an event is a proof that the relations between the two Governments are of the most cordial kind, and as such it will be accepted by other nations. We do not suppose that it is intended as a demonstration against any particular Power; but if any such Power, whether on this side of the Atlantic or the other, likes to view it in this light, we have no objection. That there is a thoroughly good understanding between England and France is a political fact of no slight value with regard to more than one important question now pending; and we are glad that it has been found possible to place it before the world in this striking manner.

Considerable scandal was created during the recent General Election by the issue of a circular written in the name of the Earl of Leicester, addressed to his tenantry, and directing them to vote for his brother Colonel Coke, then a candidate for East Norfolk. Every one is aware that landlords do—as the saying is—"put the screw" upon their tenants on such occasions; nor can we say that such conduct on their part is visited with any very heavy social condemnation. Still it is admitted to be wrong in theory, and whatever they may do, Englishmen like the decencies to be respected. It was felt that it would never do for the territorial magnates to issue their ukases in this unblushing style—thus letting the whole world into the secret of the little independence possessed by a considerable portion of the very limited number of British electors. On all sides, therefore, the noble Earl's letter was greeted with a burst of censure. His tenants plucked up courage, and his brother was rejected mainly in consequence of the unfortunate letter which was intended to secure his election. It now turns out that this circular was the act of an agent, and that it was issued without the knowledge of the Earl of Leicester, who has just written a letter repudiating and disavowing it in the frankest and fullest manner. So far as any direct responsibility for this attempt at coercion goes, his Lordship is entitled to a complete acquittal. But although he is probably not aware of it himself, we cannot help thinking that the germ of a coercion not less real, though perhaps less flagrant, is contained in the following passage of his own letter:—"Coercion of the political views of the tenantry has never existed on the Holkham estate. My father gathered around him a body of tenantry who were attached to him by a community of sentiment. He and his tenantry were devoted to the Liberal cause; their united action in times past powerfully swayed many a hardly-contested election in Norfolk, a fact recorded in the

political history of our county. An honoured remnant of that tenantry still exists on the estate. Sons and grandsons occupy the places of fathers and grandfathers who have gone. Like myself they have inherited the same great political principles, and I have a proud consciousness that no estate in England has a tenantry with more united sentiments even in politics; that with us, Liberal principles are an heir-loom and a tradition; and that coercion, always a crime, would be to you an unparalleled blunder and folly." It is clear that, however it may be softened and sentimentalized, the notion implied here is that there is a sort of feudal or semi-feudal relation between a landlord and his tenantry. The former is represented as gathering around him a band of loyal dependents, who in turn stand faithfully by their allegiance, and, rallying round his banner, carry a long succession of county elections. But what has the occupation of land to do with politics? Political opinions ought to have no connection with a transaction of a purely commercial character; and until this view is admitted and acted upon, intimidation—however it may be disavowed—will be practised on the part of landlords, or, at any rate, feared on the part of tenants. The Earl of Leicester no doubt intends to put all his tenantry perfectly at their ease in regard to the exercise of their franchise. But they must be very obtuse if they do not gather from his communication, that he will look upon them with favour or the reverse, accordingly as they are true or false to the traditional principles of the Holkham family. It is impossible that they should vote with perfect freedom while they are under such an impression.

Every one has heard with great regret that it has been deemed necessary to respite the execution of Charlotte Winsor. If ever there was a criminal on whose behalf no one would raise a plea for mercy, this is the one. It is universally felt that the highest and severest punishment of the law should fall upon the professional murderers of infant children. But, on the other hand, there is quite as general an acquiescence in the proposition that it would be a grave misfortune if even such a criminal were condemned to death otherwise than by due course of law. If there be anything in the point raised on her behalf by Lord Wensleydale, by all means let her have the benefit of it. We do not, however, apprehend that there is much danger of this turning out to be the case. The doubt with regard to the legality of her conviction arises in this way. She was put upon her trial before Baron Channell for the same murder at the last Lent assizes. The jury, being unable to agree, were locked up and kept locked up until just before twelve o'clock on a Saturday night. As they then declared that there was no likelihood of their agreeing to a verdict, and as the

following Monday was the commission-day at Bodmin, the learned judge discharged them without giving a verdict, and ordered the prisoner to be again brought up for trial at the late assizes. It was then objected that Winsor could not be tried after the discharge of the former jury; but Mr. Justice Keating, with the concurrence of Mr. Justice Willes, overruled the objection. In favour of that objection there is no doubt the authority of Lord Coke, who lays it down distinctly that "a jury sworn and charged in case of life cannot be discharged by the court, but they ought to give a verdict." That seems, indeed, to have been the opinion of his contemporaries and of some of his successors, including perhaps even Lord Holt. But on the other hand, Sir Thos. Raymond denied this doctrine, Sir Michael Foster disregarded it; and it seems to have been expressly overruled by the Court of Queen's Bench in the case of Mary Newton, in 1849. That was a case in all respects similar to the present; but upon a writ of Habeas being moved for to deliver the prisoner out of custody on the ground that after the discharge of the jury she could not be tried again, Lord Denman, the late Mr. Justice Patteson, Sir John T. Coleridge, and the present Lord Chief Justice Erle, were unanimously of opinion that the discharge of the jury was not equivalent to an acquittal, and that the judge had acted rightly in discharging them. We have very little doubt that the decision of these very eminent lawyers—obviously founded as it is upon common sense—will be supported by the fifteen judges before whom, we presume, the case will be argued.

The news received from New Zealand by the last mail is, upon the whole, satisfactory. The Hau-haw fanaticism has considerably subsided on the east coast, chiefly through the influence of Wi-Tako and Matini-te-Whiwhi; and, although it has made its appearance on the west coast, there is every reason to hope that these chiefs will again be successful in bringing their fellow Maoris to their senses. The most important incident, however, of which we have intelligence is the submission of the native king, William Thompson, and other influential chiefs. There appears to be some doubt as to the precise terms of their surrender, but none at all that it will terminate the war in the Waikato district. Of course tranquillity will yet have to be restored in other quarters; but this will, probably, not be a matter of much difficulty now that the leader of the rebellion has given up the game. It is to be hoped that no time will be lost in providing a system of native government and administration; for the want of anything of the kind was the real source of the native-king movement, which gave consistency and unity to what would otherwise have been a mere unconnected series of outbreaks on the part of independent tribes. We fear, however, that it would at present be in vain to expect any great activity or energy on the part of the Government of the colony. Governor Grey, General Cameron, and the Colonial Ministry seem to be engaged in a triangular controversy, in which it is really very difficult to say who is right or who is wrong. One thing seems clear, that the Governor and the General cannot continue to hold office together; and, if we were to venture an opinion, we should say that the best course would be to recall them both, and start afresh with a couple of new men. We are glad to find that the recent debates in the House of Commons upon the affairs of the colony have been well received in New Zealand; and that there seems to be every disposition to acquiesce in the withdrawal of the English troops. That is, after all, the point with which we are mainly concerned. We cannot govern New Zealand with profit to ourselves or with advantage either to the colonists or to the natives. And since that is the case, the best thing we can do is to recall our forces as soon as possible. As long as they are there, they will continue to be a source of additional expense to the mother country; while their presence will prevent the Government of New Zealand from setting heartily to work upon measures for the defence of the colony.

There is every reason to believe that Austria and Prussia have come to an understanding in reference to the Duchies; or, to speak more correctly, the former Power has given way to the latter. For our own part we never anticipated anything else; for we felt sure that Austria was in no position to withstand Prussia, without more assistance than she was likely to receive from the minor States. The day may come when the Cabinet of Vienna will be able to repay the severe and humiliating check it has received; but before that can

be done, Hungary must be conciliated, Venetia must be abandoned, and the finances must be restored to a condition of tolerable soundness and solvency. At present, M. von Bismarck knows very well that he can have his own way if he chooses to take it. He has taken, and will, no doubt, continue to take advantage of this knowledge. We are not at present aware of the precise terms of the arrangement which has been arrived at between the two Powers; but it is probable that Austria has accepted the Prussian theory that they hold the Duchies in full possession, for their own benefit, and not at all in trust for the German nation. The interference of the Diet in Slesvig-Holstein, or in the settlement of its institutions, being thus got rid of at a stroke, and Austria being isolated from her federal allies, there cannot be much doubt as to what will follow. The Duke of Augustenburg will no doubt receive an early notice to quit the Duchies; or perhaps he may be escorted across the frontier in custody of a Prussian guard. All expressions of opinion hostile to the Prussian rule will be ruthlessly suppressed; and although it is possible that M. von Bismarck may still stop short of direct and barefaced annexation, he will inevitably secure all the practical advantages of such a measure. For the present, indeed, it is possible that nothing further will be settled than the mode in which the government of the Duchies is to be carried on by the two Powers. But the German "patriots" and the unfortunate Slesvig-Holsteiners may nevertheless make up their minds to the worst. Prussia will be the only party which will profit by a war undertaken professedly on the most disinterested pretences, in the name of the whole Teutonic race. And the most tangible result of a crusade in favour of liberty will be to give the inhabitants of the Duchies the iron rule of Prussia instead of the constitutional régime of Denmark. Although we cannot witness the triumph of M. von Bismarck with any satisfaction, we do not feel the slightest compassion for his victims and dupes. It was not difficult to foresee from the first that Prussia would never allow the establishment on her northern frontier of an independent and free state.

President Johnson is beginning to find that the work of "reconstructing" the Union is not quite so easy as he hoped it would prove. The people of the late Confederacy are quite ready to submit to the Government which has proved its superiority in power; but when they are called upon to exercise their franchises under the Constitutions of their respective States, they persist in electing men more conspicuous for their attachment to Secession than to Union. If he acted consistently with his declaration that the Southern States had, and should enjoy, all the rights and powers which they possessed before the war, the President would be bound to put up with all the inconveniences which would certainly follow from the concentration of State and municipal power in the South, in the hands of persons hostile to the central Government. But this is more than can, perhaps, reasonably be expected from him, especially considering that he is bound to afford protection to the negro, and to see that the emancipation proclamation is completely carried out. At all events, what has taken place in Virginia shows clearly that Mr. Johnson is by no means inclined to abandon his control over the conquered territory. In the late municipal election at Richmond the entire Southern rights vote was successful. The mayor and other officers were to have been inducted into office on the 28th of July, and every preparation was made for the ceremony, when General Terry, the military commandant of the district, issued an order declaring the elections null and void, and prohibiting the candidates elected from taking their seats. Again, in Tennessee, General Thomas, the commander of the department, has given Governor Brownlow all the military aid he wishes, to suppress the Opposition party. We do not undertake to censure these acts of power. They may be justifiable, for it would be childish in the President to allow the South to regain by civic action what she has lost by the fortune of war. But, if they are justified by necessity, then it is clear that the difficulty of restoring the Union is much more considerable than was supposed. The truth is that the inhabitants of the Southern States are intensely hostile to the North and to the Federal Government, and are determined to throw every obstacle in the way of negro emancipation. So long as that is the case, it will be impossible to take the grasp of an armed hand from their throat. But, in the meantime, we must not be told of the readiness of the people to re-

enter the Union. Let the fact be stated as it is—the South is a conquered country, and in virtue of its right as conqueror, the North is enforcing its sway.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

WE are not surprised that there is a general inclination to underrate the danger of a rupture between France and the United States, in consequence of the intervention of the Emperor Napoleon in the affairs of Mexico. Immediately after the close of such a contest as has for four years desolated North America, we feel a weariness of war which necessarily biases our judgment, when we come to consider the probability of its recommencement in another form, and upon another stage. It is so disagreeable to have the reviving prospects of commerce checked by gloomy forebodings, that the politicians who are fond of prophesying pleasant things, naturally enough close their ears and their eyes to all the reasons and facts which prompt misgivings and justify alarm. The United States have so much to lose and so little to gain by going to war with a great European power for the sake of annexing territory which they do not require, that those who make little or no allowance for the influence of passion or of devotion to dominant ideas of policy, find it difficult to believe that any nation can seriously entertain the notion of perilling its most serious interests for a mere idea. But although we would willingly take the same view of this subject as many of our contemporaries, we cannot help thinking that peace is not nearly so well assured as they seem to believe. The people of the Northern States have, during the last few years, shown how much they can and will, do and sacrifice for an idea. Mr. Bright and other English friends of the Federal cause took a great deal of trouble in showing that important material interests were at stake in the suppression of the Southern rebellion. They dwelt much upon the difficulty of drawing a boundary line, upon the impossibility of two independent nations subsisting side by side on the North American continent, upon the incessant difficulties that would arise from their separate or antagonistic rights of navigation over the same rivers, and upon the necessity under which the Northern States lay of securing free access to the Gulf of Mexico by the undivided possession of the Mississippi. But there is no reason to believe that these practical considerations had any great weight with the Northern people. They fought for "the Union" as an idea. It was intolerable that a system which had come down to them from their fathers, and which had been their pride and glory, should be broken up. They could not endure to stand before the world shorn of power, or even lessened in magnitude. They would bear anything rather than that; and we know how much they did bear, and how stubbornly they held up against defeat and disaster, before success finally smiled upon their efforts.

Now, there is no doubt that in their estimation "the Monroe doctrine" is an idea only a little less sacred than that of the Union. It has been assiduously proclaimed as the guiding principle of American politicians by all their most illustrious statesmen of recent days. It has been the favourite topic of stump oratory ever since it was proclaimed; and it is the one point upon which all parties have been agreed from the days of President Monroe down to the present time. That this sacred doctrine has been flagrantly outraged by France needs no demonstration. It would have been bad enough for a European State to interfere at all in the affairs of the American continent; it is still worse that the interference has taken the form of subverting a republic and erecting an empire. But more than this. The Americans feel that they have been not only injured but insulted by the time and manner in which the intervention took place. They know as well as the rest of the world, that it never would have occurred had there been no secession of the Confederate States. They would be unlike any one else if they did not entertain a bitter resentment against those who have taken such an advantage of their momentary weakness. They would be strangely deficient in imagination if they did not regard the new Mexican empire as a monument, perpetually keeping alive, so long as it lasts, the recollection of the most disastrous and painful passage in their history. Moreover, we do not believe that they are at all insensible to the value of the territory which they now see slipping away from their grasp. It is easy to say that they do not want it; and that it would be no light matter for them to establish their rule over its debased and turbulent population. But nations often long for territory which they do not need, and if we take the testimony of those who are entitled to speak with most authority, the notion that Mexico is the destined

heritage of the United States is not only firmly fixed, but is carefully cherished in the popular mind. The idea that there would be any difficulty in subjecting a few millions of Spaniards and half-castes to Anglo-Saxon sway, would be laughed to scorn in any assembly in the Union. Under these circumstances we find it difficult to believe that the people of the United States will quietly suffer the consolidation of a Franco-Austrian empire in Mexico.

We are willing to believe that they would rather not go to war with France. They entertain a sort of sentimental regard for the country which assisted them in gaining their independence; and they are reluctant to do anything that may weaken a Power upon which they reckon as a counterpoise to England. If there was, therefore, any chance of the Emperor Napoleon retiring disgusted from the enterprise, they would probably be ready enough to let things take their course. They have hitherto looked on quietly, because they thought there was such a chance. But it is now become tolerably plain that there is not the slightest probability of anything of the kind. His Imperial Majesty may have met with difficulties far greater than he anticipated. We can quite understand that he is both disgusted and surprised at the unpopularity of his Mexican policy with all classes of his subjects. If he had to commence the work over again, we think it very likely that it would never be begun. He is, however, now far too deeply committed to retreat. The French may not like to see their troops fighting for Maximilian, but they would like still less to see them retreating before the bands of Juarez. The Emperor may be condemned for going to Mexico; he would be despised if he left it unconquered. Even if the prospects of Maximilian were less hopeful than they are, we do not think that Louis Napoleon would shrink from the work he has taken in hand. But the truth is that success is clearly within his reach. The country is being gradually, but surely, reduced to submission. The "Liberals" have hardly anything that can be called an army in the field, and there is every reason to think that the bulk of the people are well satisfied with the prospect of at last getting something like a settled Government. It is generally admitted on all hands that, unless Juarez receives aid from the United States, he will at no distant day be compelled to resign the contest. The alternative of going to war with France, or of seeing an empire established by a European State on American soil, is therefore now presented in its most marked and imperative form to the people of the United States. They must make a choice once for all; and we certainly cannot feel any strong assurance that in that choice they will be guided by prudence and common sense.

It is clear from the late despatch of Mr. Seward to the American minister in Paris, that the Cabinet of Washington have not yet made up their mind. If President Johnson has decided not to intervene, he has every reason for saying so at once. A threatening or hesitating attitude on his part must necessarily infuse considerable coolness into his relations with the Court of the Tuileries, and it can hardly be supposed that he would incur this inconvenience without some serious motive. And yet he has just directed or permitted his Foreign Secretary to intimate that he holds himself at liberty to deal with the Mexican question at a suitable opportunity. We can scarcely misunderstand the meaning of this. If the tendency of Northern opinion is in favour of war—if the rapid restoration of tranquillity in the South leaves him free—he will stand by the Monroe doctrine, and give a lesson to the effete nations of the Old World. Now, although public opinion has not yet pronounced in favour of war, it has, we are assured, already decided that Maximilian and the French troops must leave Mexico. It is supposed that they will do so, on an intimation from the Government of the United States; and if that is the notion prevalent amongst the people, it will be very difficult for Mr. Johnson to avoid trying the effect of such a hint upon his Imperial Majesty. We know how it will be received if it is given; and then comes the question—what next? In answering that, it is impossible not to lay great stress upon the inordinate confidence which the Northerners have acquired in their military prowess. They have not the faintest doubt that, united with the South, they can "lick all creation." Their army is greatly reduced; but the country is full of trained soldiers who would soon flock back to their standards in case of a popular war. There is, therefore, every temptation both to serve and to enforce a notice to quit upon the Emperor Napoleon. Nor is this all. It must not be forgotten that the French and American armies are now face to face with each other on the banks of the Rio Grande; while some "Liberal" bands, under Cortinas, are in the immediate proximity of both armies. Such a situation would not be destitute of danger even if the generals on both sides were men of discretion—sincerely

bent on restraining their troops and maintaining peace. But the Federals are commanded by General Sheridan, who has recently had the indecency to write as follows to the committee for giving a banquet to the Republican Mexican General, Ortega:—

"It is of no use to beat about the bush in this Mexican matter; we should give a permanent government to that republic. Our work in crushing the rebellion will not be done until this takes place. The advent of Maximilian was a portion of the rebellion, and his fall should belong to its history."

It would be idle to affect any confidence in an officer who so openly proclaims his desire for war, and it is evident that in the present state of feeling in the Northern States a casual collision between two parties of French and American troops might be attended with the most serious consequences. While we do not desire to be alarmists, we cannot share what appears to us a blind confidence in the maintenance of peace. The difficulty may, as we hear it said, "blow over." But it is apparent that France and the United States are opposed to each other on a vital question; that there is no chance of a pacific settlement, unless the latter country surrenders one of its most cherished maxims of policy; that up to the present time there is no indication of a disposition to make so great a sacrifice; and that the relations between the two countries are very much at the mercy of some accident which may happen any day on the frontiers of Texas. It is impossible to deny that in such circumstances there are elements of the gravest danger, and an ample justification for the most serious apprehensions.

RECENT POLITICAL SPEECHES.

THE election excitement has been naturally followed by a period of political collapse, but symptoms of reaction are already setting in. Half a dozen of the late or the current M.P.'s have within the last ten days discussed the future of their respective parties. In Yorkshire and in North Staffordshire, Mr. Milbanke and Mr. Buller have been rejoicing with their new constituents over the Liberal victory; at Horsham, Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald has been entertained at a consolation banquet; while in Warwickshire, Mr. Adderley has presided over a dinner given to congratulate Mr. Newdegate and Mr. Bromley in having held their own against their assailants. Local topics, and local divisions, obtained, however, comparatively little notice at these friendly gatherings. There was here and there a little of the old party feeling of triumph in the success of mere blue and yellow, but in general the speeches soon turned from the battle-cries to the principles that had been fought for. This is not suggestive of that quiet and easy-going Parliament which so many have been hoping would follow the example of the last. It is a disagreeable sign for the political Dives that people are beginning already to talk about what must be done for Lazarus. But the game of pleasant enjoyment must be almost up when Dives himself finds he must talk about that irrepressible Lazarus at his gate. And so there is a great deal more significance in finding that the ordinary run of Whigs and Tories have recommenced to make speeches about the fundamental distinctions and merits of their respective parties, and the measures which each will be prepared to consider, than there would be in having a speech from Mr. Gladstone or a letter from Lord Derby. No leaders can help advancing when their followers are, even out of Parliament, talking about how far they ought to advance.

So it would seem that the question of what the next Reform Bill is to be, which we were told was a question dead and buried long before the dissolution, has not merely been revived for the temporary purposes of the election, but is to continue to be a pressing and inevitable matter of contention. The fact is, indeed, that events of late years have forced on the public mind such a conviction of the insecurity of a Government resting on the support of only a fourth of the population, and have at the same time afforded such a demonstration of the perfect fitness of a great multitude, who are now unenfranchised, to take their place side by side with the already enfranchised, that every one who thinks at all becomes impressed with the general belief, and can scarcely open his lips without in some way giving it expression. And thus it has happened that even the stock phrase prevalent a few months ago, of approving "well-considered" measures, has disappeared, and we have now the theories of each successive speaker as to what the measure should be. It is not uninteresting to glance at the various notions thus propounded. Mr. Bass, to begin with the most definite, would, with some slight modification, adopt Dr. Temple's idea of giving up a certain number of members to be elected by constituencies in which

the bulk of the working men should have votes, and would thus grant a Reform Bill affecting 128 members. Mr. Buller does not, however, endorse his friend's idea, but insists that we must have some change which will "give a larger share of power to the working classes," on the ground that "it is a fact that the men who toil think as much as those who do not toil." These being the Liberal ideas, let us see what the Conservatives have to say on the same topic. Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald argues that there has been evidence, in spite of Conservative losses, of a Conservative reaction; and, in proof, points out that the present Ministers have practically abandoned Reform. But then he makes also a great point of the circumstance that the Ministry comprises politicians of all shades, so that he can hardly claim the unwillingness of Lord Palmerston or Sir George Grey to do anything as conclusive evidence of what the Liberal party will do. But for his own party he affirms that "they are willing to give to the class now unrepresented a fair share in the representation." And then he goes on to give an explanation of his wishes, from which even Mr. Gladstone would not dissent:—

"One result of the late elections, and the prominence given to the question of reform, is that within a very short period that question must engage the attention of Parliament. I do not believe that any here present are at all prepared, after the agitation which the question has received, to let it remain where it is. On the contrary, it is to the interest of the Conservative party that we should look the question in the face, and insist that it shall receive an early but constitutional settlement at the hands of Parliament. We are not afraid to trust our working brethren with the suffrage. There are many of them fully qualified to exercise the rights of the suffrage in a manner advantageous to the country and honourable to themselves; but what we do object to is, that there should be so wide an extension of the suffrage, that in point of numbers no other class would have a chance of making its opinion felt and expressed as against the opinion of the working class."

Mr. Fitzgerald insists that it is not the mission of the Conservative party to introduce a Reform Bill, but, on the other hand, that it is not obstructive. Its purpose and office is to watch, to regulate, and to temper what its opponents propose, but by no means to stand in antagonism to the mind of the country as the late elections have indicated it. But Mr. Adderley, a no less eminent member of the party, goes further. He reminds his hearers that the Conservatives, seven years ago, offered a Reform Bill, which, he says, would have admitted the great majority of the artisans of Birmingham to the franchise, and which he hopes they will again be able to introduce, and to carry. Then Mr. Newdegate, who is certainly as high and dry a Tory as any specimen surviving, urges that it was in old days a fatal error in the Conservative party to resist Reform as a matter of principle; that the question is one to be decided by each age for itself; and that, in the present age, no Conservative end can be served by insisting on maintaining absolutely the settlement of 1832.

It can scarcely be urged, when both parties are thus closely and practically joining in the debate on the question, no longer on principle, which is on all hands conceded, but merely on adjustment and details, that it can still be excluded from consideration by Parliament, or that it can be seriously delayed on the pretence that the public mind is yet unripe. No doubt there is a very wide divergence in the details; but that is only one more reason to make the discussion inevitable, and vehement, in a mere party sense. There is great gain to be made by one side or the other out of a very slight apparent modification. One side will claim increased representation for counties, as Mr. Newdegate in fact already does; the other will demand a larger number of borough members. One will be eager to obtain a franchise which will just admit those members of the professional classes who reside in suburbs, or country towns; the other will demand an extension so far as to add to them the best portion of the skilled mechanics in cities. Upon the tenant-farmer franchise there is sure to be a hot conflict. But all these are reasons for bringing the matter to a speedy determination. Now that it is apparent it must be settled somehow, there will be a mutual anxiety to get the advantage that may accrue from its being settled in this way or in that, and this alone will force on the discussion to an early issue.

Of course such motives as these are not the best calculated to produce the result of a thoroughly satisfactory measure. A compromise of parties can scarcely be very sound in point of principle. And it is rather disheartening to find the Conservative party, while admitting the necessity of doing something, assuming sometimes such a very affected position of hypocritical liberality. Mr. Adderley objected to Mr. Gladstone's definition of Liberal principles as being those of trust in the people, tempered by prudence; for he says it shows that

Mr. Gladstone considers himself outside of, and above the people, while the Conservatives view themselves as part of the people. Surely a most democratic doctrine, but one which, it must be confessed, is tempered with an infusion of something more than prudence, seeing that up to this moment it has led the Conservatives to think themselves that part of the people to whom the sole right of governing the rest should be confided. And there is no doubt that in fact a very large proportion of both Whigs and Tories look on the necessity of a change as a bitter necessity, and only to be yielded to in so far as it is an absolute necessity. To them secretly, to Mr. Lowe avowedly, the present system, which makes them sole rulers, is better than one which would compel them to share their power with other classes. This is the inevitable selfishness to be found in every governing community. But we have reason to be thankful that it has been overcome by the sense that something must be done. And we must trust to our real statesmen to mould that sense, by the aid of their larger and sounder principles, into a broad and healthy development. Of all things to be now feared, the worst is a niggling Reform Bill. A system of checks and counterpoises, a system devised so as to give and yet neutralize the gift of power to "the masses," to set up constituencies with half rights, and institute new classes of English electors with fractions of votes apiece, would be the most dangerous system of all. Whatever we do, we must place the new voters on precisely the same level with the old, and we must trust to their fellow-feeling, to their fellow-patriotism, and fellow-reason, to make them amenable to the same motives of action as ourselves. If they are not created of different natures from us, these views will act upon them precisely as they do upon us; and with all the talk about the swamping of the "working classes," nobody has yet ventured to affirm that the nature of the individual peasant is different from that of the individual peer.

THE FLEETS AT CHERBOURG.

THE meeting of the two rival navies in the harbour of Cherbourg is another happy event for the reign of the Emperor Napoleon. Nothing could have been better chosen to signalize the pacific policy proffered by the French Emperor than the welcome given to the English fleet in French waters on the day of the Emperor's fête; and the two nations may equally exult in the official announcement of the *Moniteur*, that "England desired that her fleet should be present at Cherbourg on the 15th of August, and France cannot but congratulate herself upon the sentiments of friendship and courtesy which suggested this thought to the British Government." These are cordial words and astutely spoken. They will meet a worthy response in every manly heart in this country, the more so, perhaps, for the many brave struggles we have had together. It will, we are convinced, be also felt as a point of genuine English pride, that the invitation came from our side; and the reception given to the French squadron in their recent visit to Plymouth, the visit of the Prince of Wales to the French ships, the hearty fraternizing of the sailors, the hospitalities of the army and navy to the officers, have done all honour possible to the cordial manner in which the invitation was accepted.

The exchange of these courtesies between the two great naval powers, at the height of their glory and warlike efficiency, cannot, however, be taken solely as the expression of mere polite compliment upon the felicity of the *entente cordiale* between the two governments. There is no need for any reticence as to the point of real interest which must arise at this first meeting of the two most powerful and perfectly armed fleets in the world, under a system of naval armament in great measure new and untried. The politicians may go to Cherbourg to discuss the French treaty, and join in the eulogies which will long be offered to the name of Richard Cobden; they will see through long vistas high prices with an elysium of peace in prospect at the end; but the soldiers and sailors of the two nations will be taking their notes of all they can see of one another's ships, and measuring their strength with an eye to business of another kind. We are not so near the Millennium that it should be otherwise, and it is not to be expected that men whose study is war should not be intent upon trying the temper of their mutual weapons, and discussing the chances upon which hang so much that is fascinating in the art of war. The opportunity is a favourable one for a comparison of the French and English ironclads, their armament, their crews, and the systems adopted by the two navies, which differ very considerably. We have hitherto had to take most of our improvements in naval architecture and rigging from the French—we were, in fact, taught by them that ironclad ships were to be the ships

of the future; but we seem to have struck out for ourselves in the matter of iron, which is as much native to our island as our hearts of oak. We built our first ironclad, the *Warrior*, of iron entirely, while the French were covering their wooden ships with armour plates. M. de Lôme, the chief constructor of the French navy, has, for some reason we presume, never departed from his plan of plating wooden ships, whatever he may intend to do. The French ironclads are all wooden framed, while a portion only of the English ironclads are of this construction. The English ships forming the Channel fleet now at Cherbourg consist of the *Achilles*, *Black Prince*, *Defence*, *Hector*, and *Research*, *Royal Sovereign* cupola ship, the three last wood plated; with the 39-gun wooden frigates *Liverpool*, *Octavia*, and *Constance*, models of their class, and the *Edgar*, first-rate, of 91 guns. There appears to be some doubt whether the French ironclad fleet of the Mediterranean, which was at Brest, would join the squadron at Cherbourg, as there is a question whether the anchorage within the breakwater will admit of so many large vessels riding safely. However, the French ships *Solferino* and *Magenta*, which are sister two-deckers of 52 guns, with the *Flandre* and *Héroïne*, sister frigates of 36 guns, will well represent the French ironclad navy. Indeed, our ironclad navy will not be nearly so well represented as it might be, for there will be no first-rate ships like the *Minotaur* and the *Agincourt* to compare with the French two-deckers, which have a very imposing appearance, whatever their fighting qualities may be. To match these we have the *Achilles*, of 20 guns, and 1,250 horse power, plated throughout. The French two-deckers have engines of 1,000 horse power only, although they are considered in that service to be capable of acting as rams, being provided with an immense prow of steel projecting under water. This gives a most ugly appearance to the ship, though it does not much interfere with the speed; yet it must be evident that no ship could act as a ram unless it were provided with engines of very high power, as it could neither catch its antagonist, nor inflict the destructive blow. We may safely say that the French two-deckers could not charge the smallest of our ironclads if speed were brought into play. The French frigates, however, are fast ships, being much lighter than the two-deckers, and having engines of the same power; the *Flandre* is said to have a speed of 15 knots, with all her eight boilers at work, which is superior to anything attained by our *Warrior* class.

The armour of the French ships differs materially from that of the English. It is formed of short lengths varying according to position from 4 to 6 feet and 2 feet 6 inches broad, while we employ pieces 15 feet long and more. The thickness of the plates is generally 4½ inches, the same as the *Achilles*, but of course they are without the iron skin of our ships. The *Magenta* and *Solferino* are not protected, except over the batteries, so that, like our *Warrior*, they would inevitably be much crippled by shots in the stern and bows. The French method of fastening on the plates by large screws, similar to those commonly used for woodwork, is considered by them superior to our plan of bolts with screw nuts; but experiment has not induced our authorities to alter their plan. We have seen a target formed of plates of the French plan very easily demolished at Shoeburyness. The plates over the water-line, and for 3 feet above and below, in the *Flandre*, are 6 inches thick, which is more than anything we have yet afloat; but they are fastened in the way described; and these plates were broken off the backing, and penetrated most efficiently in the target experiment above referred to, which was made in August of last year. It will no doubt be remarked by the French naval men that the English ironclads are stronger ships than their own, both for fighting and for wear, especially those like the *Achilles* and the other iron-framed ships. In this respect the French have something to learn of us; but at the same time it must be admitted that their ships are far better as to their internal plan, and consequently the crews are better provided, and the officers have infinitely better accommodation than is seen in our service. We are inclined to attribute great importance to these points, because, after all, the best ships are nothing without efficient crews, and a navy can never sustain its spirit unless officered by men whose whole soul is in their profession. The French appear to be quite alive to keeping their ships as much as possible like the old favourite of the sailor, while we seem to be disregarding every point of this kind in the determination to build floating fortresses like the cupola ships or the newly-designed *Hercules*. The *Flandre* will attract the envy and admiration of our naval men for the admirable arrangement of the cabins, the berths of the crew, the hospital, the fighting-deck, and, indeed, the general perfection and smartness of everything on board. She is not a

strong ship, compared with our iron-framed ships, but she is far stronger than the *Prince Consort*, a wooden-plated ship of her own size; and though her masts are not of steel, yet she would be a formidable antagonist, especially with her high speed.

The armament of the French ships is undoubtedly superior to the 68-pounders, the 100-pounder smoothbores, and the Armstrong 110-pounders of our ships. The breechloader, which forms the bulk of the armament, is a most complete gun of the kind, and possesses advantages in rapidity of fire, so that altogether it must be regarded as superior to the guns at present forming our armaments. That it ever has pierced 4½-inch plates at 1,000 metres must be considered highly mythical, if not quite impossible for a gun of its weight and calibre; but, with its shot of 100 and 120 pounds at 200 yards, it would certainly beat the broadside guns now to be seen as our armament at Cherbourg. There are, however, a gun and a ship in the English squadron which, imperfect as both are, cannot fail to open the eyes of the Frenchmen a little to the power that resides in both. The *Royal Sovereign*, turret-ship, has three turrets of one gun each, and one of two, and though these guns weigh twelve tons, and, with the turrets, as much as 150 tons, they are moved with a common windlass with the utmost ease and nicety, taking aim and firing ninety-six rounds in two hours. This ship, with her turret batteries, will be the great object of interest at Cherbourg, as she was at Plymouth; and as Captain Coles, the inventor of the turret plan, has this time been permitted by the Admiralty to sail in her, he will be able to explain that she is merely an experimental ship made out of an old-fashioned wooden vessel: otherwise it might be supposed that we consider this as a specimen of the strongest turret-ship that can be built. This vessel, however, will serve to show that just now our neighbours, from whom we have learnt so much, have in their turn something to learn of us in modern naval warfare.

IRISH MURDERS AND IRISH PARTIES.

Is the sword never to depart from Ireland? Has Fate decreed that weapons of warfare are necessary to the due discharge of her electoral franchise, and that murder must sadden the scene of her elections? Why was poor Shelvin shot down the other day at the Monaghan election by the pistol of Edward Gray, the worthy son of an Orange murderer? How is it that the elements of party strife never overcast the political sky of old Ireland without sending forth their lightning to strike down in death some victim of the contending factions? These are questions of grave interest, and demand an answer. We will not believe murder to be an indelible taint in Celtic blood; we cannot think that the love of bloodshed is dear to a people Nature has blessed with hearts, gentle and genial, as their own soft climate; we dare not commit ourselves to such a contradiction of terms as to suppose that the destruction of human life is a delight to a race, whose warm and self-sacrificing affection, chivalry, devotion, generosity, and hospitality have become a tradition and a proverb in the records of human civilization. We believe when Paddy becomes an Orangeman or Ribbonman, from that moment he ceases to be a genuine son of Erin; the true Irishman dies out in him, and he is transformed into the factious demon of murder by the diabolical spirit of party. That principle of human nature which arms the legions of Celtic France to rush to war for "an idea," is identical with the impulse that fills the Irishman's natural heart of gentleness "top-full of direst cruelty," and sends him forth a murdering minister of death, to do the bloody work of a blood-thirsty faction. In either case, we simply see the sure effects produced by a highly exciting subject when brought to bear upon a highly excitable temperament under similar conditions. The spirit of Irish faction is not merely political, it is also religious. This twofold impulse intensifies the rancour and deadly animosity actuating both parties, and drives them to deeds so desperate, and to outrages so barbarous. The Ribbonman hates the Protestant Saxon for trampling down his country, for proscribing and persecuting his religion; and the Orangeman loathes the Papist, as he delights to call him, for opposing the political ascendancy of Toryism, and for clinging to a creed branded as "dangerous and damnable." For two centuries such feelings on such subjects have been the curse of Ireland; for two centuries the two factions have confronted each other, foot to foot, and sword to sword; the scabbard of the Orange steel was buried in the waters of the Boyne, and the sheath of the brand that defended the ancient faith of the soil was given to the Tyber, as each combatant unsheathed his weapon for eternal war.

How deeply did that great demagogue, O'Connell, loathe the policy and the Protestantism of English rule; how unsparing his bitter invectives against "the base, bloody, and brutal Whigs," and "the tyrannical Toryism of Orange Peel" and his faction! Who can forget his pathetic and patriotic vows "recorded in heaven" on behalf of his "bleeding country," and the significant fact that when he left his bones to his country, he also left his heart, beating even in death true to the Papacy, as a legacy of love to the City of the Vatican. It is hard to understand the blind bigotry of a clear-headed man, such as O'Connell unquestionably was, in his treatment of those who did so much in their day and generation to advance Ireland. The Whigs, whom he abused so mercilessly, gave to Ireland the Emancipation Bill, and opened the doors of Parliament to the great agitator himself. It mattered not how beneficial to his country, how conducive to national greatness and prosperity, were the laws enacted by a Saxon Parliament for the good of Ireland; O'Connell was ever at war with "the aliens." In all this, he was but a type of the Repealer and the Ribbonman of the present day, whom no favour can conciliate, no sense of just moderation can restrain. This sad state of feeling is not without a cause. The tyranny, the misrule, the fanaticism that persecuted Catholic Ireland for centuries stung her to madness, and has so distorted her vision that it is hard for her ignorant peasantry to take clear and correct views of English policy, however wisely directed and beneficially employed. On the other hand, the Orange faction were pampered from Imperial funds, to the open degradation and disgrace of the creed of the vast majority of the nation; the highest honours of the State were confined to Protestant hands, and Protestants alone received the most lucrative appointments the State could bestow. As if all this were not enough to rouse a Catholic country to madness against Protestantism and English government, insult was perpetually being added to injury. The eye of the Romanist was ever outraged by visible memorials of his thralldom and humiliation, and his ear ever assailed by the barbarous insult of triumphant fanaticism. What, we ask, must have been the feelings of the pious Catholic, as he heard from Orange lips that cry of *Christian charity*—"To hell with the Pope, and the Devil pelting him with priests," a toast not uncommon, we believe, at the festive board of Orange lodges, in the presence of an Episcopalian or Presbyterian chaplain, supported by the tithes or by the "Regium Donum," the gift of the Imperial Government?

It is true, however, that the wise policy which has now for a generation characterized the dealings of the Government with Ireland, has done much to soften the asperities which still to a great extent are the legacy of past misrule; but there is yet much to be done to raise the character of the Irish people, and to convince them that they are not the subjects of a hostile Government. And in no way is this more likely to be achieved than by the increase of education. It is a lamentable fact that the sister country is miserably deficient in good middle-class schools to educate her struggling middle and professional class. The National Educational scheme has amply provided for the wants of the humblest section of the community; while a few leading schools of Ireland and the great schools of England receive the sons of the aristocracy and the richer gentry, the respectable middle class of Ireland—that all-important link in the social chain—is left to its own resources, which are known to be scanty and precarious in the extreme. The Queen's Colleges, founded by Government for the special benefit of this class, nearly twenty years ago, was a great and good step in the right direction; yet how few comparatively can take advantage of this university provision from want of good local preparatory schools, and how few of those who do matriculate appear with any credit to their teachers at their entrance examination. It is the constant complaint of the professors of those colleges that their students, as a rule, come up wretchedly prepared in classics, for the want of a good classical education.

The good kings and queens of old England, and her princely prelates who founded grammar-schools through the length and breadth of this country, consulted well for our national greatness and glory by educating that great class which lies between the extremes of the community. Let Ireland feel her real glory and her true greatness must be gained by intelligent activity, and not by the paroxysms of party strife or conflicting creeds; give her the means of educating her most influential class; let her feel assured the cry of "Ireland for the Irish!" is but a visionary abstraction; let her try to realize the substantial blessing of an educated Ireland for the Irish—a peaceful and a prosperous Ireland for the Irish, and she will learn that the wrath of man worketh neither the righteousness of God nor the

happiness of a people, and that such scenes as those exhibited lately in Protestant Belfast are a libel upon our civilization, and a mockery of our Christianity. If we read aright the signs of the times, the Church of Ireland and the education of her middle classes will come before the Legislative assembly of this country with an interest and a power unusual to Irish questions.

THE POOR AND THEIR SAVINGS.

WHEN Mr. Tidd Pratt tells us that in England and Wales there are no less than from 22,000 to 23,000 friendly societies, and that, even reckoning children, one out of nine of the population belongs to one or other of them, we have a striking proof either of the credulity or the thriftiness of the humbler orders of Englishmen; nay, of both. That many of these societies are well ordered and honestly conducted is true; and it is true also that they have worked beneficially in elevating the character of the people, and in lessening the sufferings which, to a greater or less extent, must always be the lot of the labouring classes. It is equally true, on the other hand, that the desire to obtain the advantages of such societies has been turned to account by men who, in this humbler walk of speculation, strongly resemble the promoters of bubble companies upon a more magnificent scale, in their tactics and their aims; who, like them, lie recklessly, looking only to their own advantage. Which is the greater villain of the two—the swindler who promotes the Gushing Benevolence Society, which appeals to the class of artizans; or the swindler who fixes the capital of his bubble at hundreds of thousands, with the intent, to defraud dupes of a higher social position—it is not easy to say. Both pursue their calling to the utmost of their ability, and with an equal indifference to the ruin of their victims. But if, in respect of immorality, there is no difference between them—each working out his rascality “to the top of his bent”—the ignorance of the poorer class of victims has a prior claim to our compassion. They are men easily duped; they have not the means of obtaining advice which is within the reach of richer men; they have, if possible, a stronger faith in the virtue of large promises and bold professions; and when they are defrauded, they are cheated of that which they have saved by dint of stern self-denial. It is well, therefore, that the Legislature has provided them with a protector in the person of Mr. Tidd Pratt, the Registrar of Friendly Societies. He has not indeed been able to prevent the creation of many bubbles which have burst, which are bursting, and which will yet burst; but he has done all that his powers have enabled him to do, and he has occasionally supplemented his official usefulness by an interference, not official, but deriving authority from his office, to prevent the poor from being swindled.

One of the uses to which the popularity of General Garibaldi in England appears to have been turned has been the founding of “The Garibaldi Mutual Life Assurance and Sick Fund Friendly Society.” On the front of the prospectus there is a picture in which the General is represented with a sword in his hand, which he waves over the heads of a number of widows and children; an attitude intended to symbolize the protective character of the society. But to ascertain its full benefits in this respect it is, of course, necessary to read the prospectus itself. “This society,” it says, “is established to meet the requirements of the working as well as the middle classes; to provide for sickness, accidents, old age, and death. Its members may receive the following benefits, by payment of 1d. a week and upwards:—Weekly allowance in sickness to males from 10s. to 20s.; and to females from 4s. to 8s.” It professes that the society acts as agent for the Government for the purchase of endowments, annuities, &c., and it claims the confidence of the public on the ground that, being enrolled pursuant to Act of Parliament, the society guarantees a perfect security against the nonpayment of claims or any fraudulent dissolution or misapplication of funds. The tables are founded on the calculations of an eminent actuary; and, to remove all doubt of the good faith and soundness of the concern, “£100 will be given to any one who can prove that the Garibaldi Life Assurance and Sick Fund Friendly Society has not always promptly paid all its claims.” Tempting cases are cited in which persons who had paid a few pence have on the death of a relation received several pounds; and this statement is dexterously made to convey the further one that the society has granted 7,316 policies, or, in other words, that it has at least that number of members. In addition to these assuring features, the society gives its head-quarters at 58, King William-street, City—a good address; it publishes a list of several esquires as its trustees; and it boldly declares that it

possesses a reserved guarantee fund of £25,000. There could not easily be a more attractive statement. A society appointed by the Government to be its agent, offering £100 reward to any one who will convince it of a broken promise, and having £25,000 whole and untouched at its back as a reserved guarantee for future claims, must be worthy to wave Garibaldi's sword upon its frontispiece and proclaim itself by that symbol the protector of widows and orphans.

Unluckily for the promoters, Mr. Tidd Pratt has had his eye on their society, and has formed an opinion of its merits so different from theirs that he went up to the Mansion House on Wednesday for the express purpose of putting the public on their guard against it. Upon his statement the guarantee fund shrinks from £25,000 to the sum of £49, and the 7,316 members diminish to 840. As to the society being agent to the Government for endowments and annuities, the statement is untrue; first, because the Government does not grant endowments, and next, because it does not employ agents for annuity purposes. The society's tables bear so little trace of their being the work of an eminent actuary, that, according to Mr. Tidd Pratt, “a glance at them would show that they had been constructed upon a vicious plan, and that the sums demanded of the industrious classes were much above those of the Government in the case of Post-office insurance, and still more above those of good insurance societies.” Equally false is the assertion that the society, being enrolled according to Act of Parliament, guarantees perfect security; for if it is enrolled at all, it must be under the Friendly Societies Act, which does not prevent the funds of a society from being embezzled or misapplied. Then as to the esquires who act as its trustees, it appears that one is a tailor at Bermondsey, who says that he never sanctioned this use of his name, and never knew that it had been used until he received a lawyer's letter respecting a debt due from the society to a printer; another is a warehouseman and porter living at Muswell-hill; a third is described as “William Adams, Esq., Derby,” but no such person can be found there. A Mr. Davy has been put down as auditor, without his knowledge or sanction. The name of Mr. Baker has been published as surgeon to the society, not only without his sanction, but in spite of his refusal. Mr. C. Robinson, described as the society's solicitor, has never acted as such, and never permitted the use of his name. It is also untrue that the London and County Bank acts for the society, for the unanswerable reason that they have no account with it. It is true that at one time they had one, but it was so miserable an affair, and was so constantly overdrawn, that it was closed. As to the society's office, Mr. Tidd Pratt described it as follows:—“The office of the Garibaldi Society was situate in a small back room on the second floor of the house, 58, King William-street, and was for the most part kept closed and locked. The letters for the society were dropped through a hole in the door, and nothing was known of the persons who called for them. It became necessary for his purpose to obtain a copy of the prospectus he had read, which was obtained on the 10th instant, and was given out by a boy, who appeared to be the sole representative of the society—(a laugh)—and when a gentleman called at the office he found the door secured by a chain, and the boy in attendance did not withdraw the chain, but partly opened the door and handed out the prospectus, which had no date, and no printer's name.”

If anything were wanting to complete this picture, we should find it in the terms offered to agents. They are to receive first the entrance fees; next, 50 per cent., or one-half, on all business till the policies are thirteen weeks old; third, 25 per cent., or one-quarter, permanently afterwards; fourth, when an agent showed his capability to conduct a large business, an office would be allowed and paid for. There can be little doubt for whose benefit such a society was established—not, certainly, for that of widows and orphans. It will hardly survive the exposure it has now received at the hands of Mr. Tidd Pratt; but surely the justice of the case is not met by merely publishing the falsehoods of men who thus prey upon the ignorance of the poor. This is one of those cases which imperatively demand a public prosecutor. The poor creatures who are victimized cannot set the law in motion for themselves, and if the State will not do it for them it cannot be done at all. The result is, and must be, that unscrupulous men will continue to prey upon them. It matters not that their frauds are especially cruel and heartless, considering the ignorance, the poverty, and helplessness of those upon whom they are committed. The infamy of their conduct is not a matter with which they trouble themselves. They look only to the question how far it will profit them. If they gain by it, their end is answered. The losers must look to themselves.

THE MILITARY OUTRAGE AT CHATHAM.

THE amiable Queen of the savage islanders of the Pacific, now a visitor to this highly-civilized and much-favoured island, will have a strange story to tell her subjects when she returns. How will the Sandwich Islanders shriek their disgust at the Pritchard poisonings of wife and mother, the Winsor smotherings of innocents, the revolting butcheries of the man Forwood, and the dastardly assassination of an officer by one of his own men! How can we venture to explain away any of these hideous crimes to the good Queen Emma, so that we may not be placed at the bottom of the scale of civilization in the estimation of the savages we are always calling from the error of their ways! Truly one begins to question whether what we call "civilization" does tend to make man only a little lower than the angels, and to doubt whether the good intentions of humanitarians, in relaxing the severity of all punishments are mistaken in their kindness.

In this case of the officer—Major de Vere—shot, but happily not killed, we have to notice a crime which, strange to say, is by no means so uncommon in the army as would be imagined. This instance is the third within the last four years of officers shot by their own men in barracks, and there are many others that would be found if we were to search the records of the service for them. The soldier, it must be remembered, lies under the temptation to use the weapon in his hand if he meets with provocation, and he is but too often, according to our system of recruiting, a man chosen from the ranks of crime, or at least from that class of society whose moral perceptions are not very clear. We do not, of course, think of excusing a man for so dastardly an act, as this at Chatham; the point is, that we take men for soldiers from the scum of society, arm them, and insist upon their keeping their arms in effective use by having so many rounds of powder and ball in their pouch, and then expect them to submit like lambs to a discipline of the severest kind, which often requires to be enforced by the most galling and depressing punishments. Is there no means of obviating a state of things that evidently conduces so much to these outrages? It is notorious that our army is constantly weakened by the large number of men under punishment. Surely, instead of seeking for recruits in the slums and alleys of the large towns, and taking all that come, it would be better to make some selection upon the test of character. By this means, although the number of recruits would be lessened, the number of men in prison would be decreased also, and the improved status of the army would be a source of incalculable advantages. But we leave this rather large question to speak of the more direct source of these crimes, in the regulation of the service which orders every man to retain the ball-cartridges he takes with him when on guard. The military authorities have always resisted all efforts to interfere with the soldiers' arms. It took many years to convince them that the bayonet was a highly dangerous ornament for a soldier to wear, and many lives were sacrificed to this absurd military prejudice. We are afraid to say how long it will take to convince the Horse Guards that the soldiers forming the guard might, with perfect ease and regularity, take their ammunition from the magazine, and leave it there on coming off guard. If this plan were adopted, it would be difficult for any ammunition to find its way into the barrack-room, as an officer would be held responsible for every man's ammunition being returned. But the real opposition to this very evident remedy, we believe comes from the officers themselves, who positively prefer the chance of being shot by some ruffian who owes them a grudge, to making themselves safe from such cowardly attacks. It seems to be a point of military feeling, which the authorities—themselves soldiers—are not disposed to touch. But we must say that it is for the Minister of the War Department to deal with this as a matter of common sense.

Considering, however, the facilities for these crimes which exist, it is especially incumbent upon all who are in the position of officers, and hold the power of punishment in their hands, to have a full and fair regard for the men under them. Not that any sort of flinching from the strictest rules of discipline should be thought of for a moment, but that discipline should be maintained with temper and firmness without exceeding the just limits of reproof and punishment. In this case the man Currie appears to have had no greater grievance than being ordered to continue at his drill longer than others, because of his incompetence. The hard and malicious way in which he continues to speak of his crime without the least sign of regret is a feature that may perhaps receive some explanation at the trial; in the meantime, the circumstances, as at present known, seem to offer very little in the shape of provocation to so base

and murderous an attack. The most important evidence in the case will come from Major De Vere himself, whose recovery is now, we are happy to see, predicted with some confidence.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

THERE can unfortunately be no doubt that the terrible cattle disease is spreading fast through the length and breadth of the land. Almost every morning we find, on taking up the newspapers, that it has made its appearance in some hitherto untouched locality; and wherever it appears it strikes with the same deadly effect at the beasts which fall within the range of infection. As to its symptoms and fatal character, there is no room for difference of opinion; but a warm controversy has sprung up with respect to its origin and causes. We cannot, however, say that the authorities on this point are at all equally balanced. For while the cattle salesmen, the markets committee of the City Corporation, and Mr. Giblett, the well-known butcher, maintain stoutly that the disease is spontaneously developed at home, Professors Gamgee and Symonds, our contemporary the *Lancet*, and every other professional writer or speaker, are equally positive that it is imported from abroad. On the one hand, therefore, we have the assertion of "practical" men, whose interests would naturally incline them, in favour of the conclusion at which they have arrived. On the other, we have the carefully-formed opinion of scientific men, who are not less, but more practical, because they are scientific; and who have, so far as we can see, no interest whatever in preferring one view rather than the other. We cannot hesitate one moment as to which account of the disease we should accept; especially when we take into consideration the facts and arguments brought forward by the two eminent veterinary surgeons we have just named. If the disease were of British origin, it is difficult to understand why we should have had no outbreak for the last 100 years. All the causes to which it is ascribed on this theory have been in as full operation during the whole of that time as they are now. Indeed, it may safely be said that far more care is now bestowed upon the health of cattle, and upon the sanitary conditions under which they are placed, than was ever previously the case. If bad food, dirty and ill-ventilated stalls, over-heating, over-driving, would suffice to generate this specific disease, they must have done it constantly. Indeed, many parts of England could hardly ever have been free from it. But we know that it has not made its appearance for 100 years, and that when it last visited us it was distinctly traced to two calves which a farmer near Poplar brought over from Holland in 1745. We know, also that it is precisely identical with the steppe-murrain of Russia, Hungary, Poland, and Galicia, and that its present visit to our shores has closely followed the first opening of a cattle trade with some at least of those countries. But we can go further, because we can trace the infection back to a particular cargo of cattle. This cargo was collected together at Revel, in Russia, and was landed at Hull. From Hull 175 beasts were brought to London, where they were placed for two or three days in the lay-house, close by the Islington Cattle-market, where the disease first broke out. While in this place full opportunity would of course be given for the infection of other animals also sent up to the Metropolitan market. If the disease was caught by store animals subsequently purchased by farmers for feeding, we should expect to find the pestilence spread by them throughout the country. And this is what has occurred. According to Professor Symonds it has been ascertained that it was introduced into Norfolk, Suffolk, and Shropshire directly from the Metropolitan market, and it is more than probable that the same was the case in other instances. It is nothing to the purpose to talk as Mr. Giblett does, in his letter to the *Times*, about the general soundness and healthiness of foreign cattle. He is at variance on that subject with a far higher authority, Professor Gamgee; but this is not the point. The question is not as to the healthiness of the bulk of foreign cattle, but as to whether those coming from a particular portion of Europe do or do not labour under the specific disease which is now destroying our herds. If they do, and if the other circumstances to which we have alluded cannot be denied; it is, we think, placed beyond reasonable doubt that this dreadful pestilence is a foreign importation.

It is very important to arrive at a sound opinion upon this point, because upon the view that is taken of the origin of the disease will depend in some measure the steps taken to check its progress. Her Majesty's Government have not committed themselves either to the importation or the spontaneous-generation theory; but they have not neglected such precautions

as might be suggested by either. They have not, indeed, consented to prohibit the trade in foreign cattle by order in council; nor do we think that such a prohibition would be expedient. The cutting off of so large a portion of the people's food at a time when, from various causes, the price of meat is so high, would be attended with the most serious inconveniences; nor is there any good reason for depriving ourselves of any cattle except those which come from countries which are the *habitat* of the disease. It may, however, become a serious question whether it will not be necessary to prohibit importation from the Russian ports, unless the Russian Government will institute a system of inspection of all cattle shipped therefrom for any foreign destination. As a preliminary stage, the Government have acted judiciously in appealing to Russia to take this precaution in her own interest not less than in ours. If she declines to do so, or shows herself indifferent or apathetic in the matter, we trust that no time will be lost in resorting to the more stringent measure. In the meantime we do not see that anything has been omitted which could be done within our own coasts. The Commissioners of Customs have been directed to enforce the Order in Council of the 28th of July, 1856, made under the authority of the Act 11 & 12 Vict. c. 105, by which cattle arriving in a diseased state may be destroyed, and other cattle in the same ship detained in order to prevent their spreading the infection. Inspectors have been appointed for the metropolis; and powers have been given to municipal corporations and other local bodies throughout the country to appoint other inspectors, who are invested with very large powers to deal with diseased beasts. They can enter and inspect any premises on which they have reason to believe there is any animal labouring under the pestilence. They are empowered to compel any owner of such an animal to keep it, as far as practicable, separate and apart from other animals; and, without their licence, every person is forbidden "to send to market, or to remove from his premises, any such animal, or any animal which has been in the same shed or stable, or has been herded or been in contact with any animal labouring under such disorder." Provision is also made for the burial of animals dying of the disorder or slaughtered on account of it; and for the cleansing and disinfecting of any premises in which they may have been kept. So far as we can observe from the reports in our daily contemporaries, there is no slackness on the part of the local bodies throughout the country in availing themselves of these powers. Whenever there seems likely to be any occasion for their services local inspectors are promptly appointed, and we find no trace of reluctance to support them in the full and energetic discharge of their duties. One other step has been taken by the Government. They have appealed to the railway companies to lay down and to enforce stringent regulations, with a view to insure cleanliness in all matters connected with the conveyance of cattle. We do not doubt that this appeal will be energetically responded to by the bodies in question; for notwithstanding a considerable experience of their selfishness and disregard of the public interests, we should be loth to suppose that they would allow any trifling pecuniary loss to prevent them from co-operating heartily in the efforts that are being made to stay the progress of this fearful scourge.

Where the action of the Government is arrested, at all events for the present, that of private individuals, either acting alone or through the medium of associations, begins. The landowners and farmers of England have shown themselves fully alive to the danger with which they are threatened, and, so far as we can judge, fully equal to the emergency. In almost every county meetings have been held, and measures have been taken, to secure the prompt destruction of infected beasts, and to raise a fund for reimbursing the farmers whose property has been thus sacrificed for the common good. Ample means have been taken to inform the agricultural or cow-keeping classes of the sort of precautions that are most likely to prevent the spread of infection, and, upon the whole, we do not see that anything more can at present be done than is absolutely being done. We are perfectly aware that in some of the countries where the disease prevails much more stringent regulations are adopted than any which we have mentioned. In Hungary, for instance, a cordon is drawn round a farm as soon as the disease appears, and no man, woman, or child is allowed to leave that farm during the existence of the disease, or for three weeks after the killing of the last infected animal. Even congregations in the churches are interfered with—according to Professor Symonds—and roads are turned when possible, in order to prevent persons from passing too near the infected localities. It is of course impossible to do anything of this kind in England—at all events, until all milder measures have failed. But, although we may

not adopt all these precautions, it is not un instructive to know what steps are taken in the countries where the steppe-murrain, or "Lungen-seuche," is best known. They prove that, in the opinion of those who have had the greatest and most disastrous experience of it, it is rapidly and readily communicable by the slightest contact, or the most apparently unfavourable vehicles of infection. It is evident that the only effectual way of dealing with it is to isolate the diseased animal as quickly and as completely as possible. The ravages of the pest on the Continent are mild or severe, just in proportion as this is done more or less effectually. For instance, in Lower Austria, the authorities generally manage to confine it within very narrow limits; while in Galicia and Hungary, where the sanitary authorities are much less strict, the infection sometimes spreads from one end of the country to the other. With a view to check the transmission of contagion, Professor Symonds has suggested—and the Norfolk meeting has endorsed his suggestion—that no farmer should purchase store stock in any market for a period of six weeks. We have no doubt that such an abstinence of resort to markets would be attended with the best effect, and we see with great pleasure a disposition on the part of the farmers to help themselves, and to protect their interest by voluntary action of this kind. If they continue to manifest the manly, energetic, and self-relying spirit which they have hitherto displayed in presence of the calamity with which they are menaced, they may confidently rely upon the assistance and support of other classes. As we have already intimated, we do not think that the Government could at present do more than it has done. But if it can be shown that further interference on their part would be beneficial, no pedantic attachment to cut and dried rules should be allowed to stand in the way.

EGOTISM AND MURDER.

NEARLY a year and a half ago, the public were amused by the report of some proceedings against the Earl of Dudley, instituted by a woman calling herself Mrs. Southey. The Earl was summoned before the Worcestershire magistrates on a charge of assault, and the circumstances connected with the alleged offence were sufficiently ludicrous. The woman, it appeared, had been living for some time with a man who went by the name of Southey, and who gained his living by the equivocal calling of a billiard-marker. He asserted that the brother of the Earl of Dudley, the Hon. Dudley Ward, owed him a certain sum of money, which he had won of him in some betting transaction; and, finding that the Hon. Dudley was either unable or unwilling to pay, he seems to have thought that he had a claim on the Earl himself. His wife (to make use of a convenient fiction, for the sake of decorum) thought so too, and was in the habit of dunning the noble lord at his residence, until at length he offered to pay a part, as the only way of getting rid of the nuisance. This, however, did not suit either Mr. or Mrs. Southey, and the latter, on a certain day in March, 1864, took her station at Lord Dudley's house, and refused to leave it without full satisfaction of her demand. His Lordship at length put her out by force, though without any greater amount of force than was rendered necessary by her own violence. This was the assault complained of, and it is scarcely necessary to add that the charge was dismissed. Southey, however, would not let the case rest. He sent to one of the daily newspapers a long rambling account of his career, and of his connection with the woman whom he called his wife. From this—if any one had been silly enough to accept it as truth—it might have been supposed that Southey was a deeply-injured man, against whom "society" had been cruelly plotting for years. Though he did indeed confess to some few faults, the offsprings of a too confiding and impulsive nature, he hinted that he was at heart a man of great virtue, conscientiousness, and charity, and he plainly indicted "society" for not appreciating him. He had found the woman, his estimable partner, living in sin, and had rescued her from attempted suicide. He had been compelled to live by betting, but had a soul above it, and was full of lofty aspirations after a more dignified life, if "society" would only assist instead of persecuting him. That is to say, he was provisionally a blackleg, potentially a very admirable person, and merely wanted somebody to come forward and help him out of the one state into the other. The public, of course, laughed at the Worcestershire case, and at the impudent letter which followed it; and the whole thing looked like a farce, except for that suggestion of something haggard, wretched, and unhappy which always belongs to a life of slinking and dodging with disreputable facts.

Within a period of eighteen months, this same man has become the hero of a combination of murders scarcely paralleled for ferocity, determination, and mercilessness. The amiable billiard-marker, who had so just a quarrel with society, takes the three children of the woman with whom he lived (his own children too, it is strongly suspected) to a coffee-house near Red Lion-square, and poisons them. Then he goes down to Ramsgate, and shoots his wife, whom he had deserted eight years before, and his daughter. That is his way of revenging his quarrel with society. No other motive appears to be assignable; for, even if we allow, as he wishes us to believe, that he killed the children in London because he was no longer able to support them, no such reason existed in the case of his wife and daughter at Ramsgate. Nor does he seem to have had any serious altercation with the latter. "Society" had refused to believe in him, and "society" should be made to suffer for that unpardonable offence by being horrified at hearing of five murders committed by one man within the course of a few hours. It has since come out that the man Forward (for that is his real name) has made application to divers noblemen, gentlemen, and prelates, for assistance, and Lord Russell appears to have been the only one who responded. Wherefore, the interesting victim of social injustice impeaches society in a document which he read to the magistrates previous to being remanded. He says he shall be charged with the murder of the children he had taken to the London coffee-house, but he cannot admit the justice of such an imputation. "I deny and repudiate that charge, and throw it back on the men who have by their gross criminal neglect so brought about this sad and fearful crime. I charge back the guilt of the crime on those high dignitaries of the State, the Church, and justice who have turned a deaf ear to my heart-broken appeals, who have refused fellow help in all my frenzied efforts and exhausted struggles, and who have thereby impiously denied the sacredness of human life, the mutual dependence of man, and the fundamental and sacred principles on which our social system itself is based." It will be observed that, in whatever this man says or does with reference to himself and society, he always goes on the assumption that he has a clear and indisputable claim on others for everything he wants, and that if his betting adventures don't turn out successfully, society, or some one member of society, must indemnify him, on pain of being morally outlawed for its hard-heartedness. Thus, he believed himself to have a claim against Lord Dudley because he had won a sum of money from Lord Dudley's brother, which the latter failed to pay; and so, foremost amongst the criminals on whom he fixes the guilt of his murders, he places the unoffending Earl. The same feeling ran throughout an application which he made, on the 14th of last December, to Mr. Tyrwhitt, the Marlborough-street magistrate. He said he had formed a connection with a lady of great attainments, but no property; that they desired to raise themselves in society; that the lady was unfortunately already married to a bad husband, from whom she could not get divorced, for want of funds (the applicant concealed the fact that he was himself married, and a bad husband); that they had for a time determined to commit suicide, and had purchased drugs for that purpose, but had thought better of it, and resolved to part. After making this statement, Forward handed over to the magistrate a bottle of poison, and then commenced what he called "the second part of his case." He required assistance; and, said he, addressing Mr. Tyrwhitt, "If a gentleman of your large experience, in concert with the Earl of Shaftesbury and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—men who have studied life, and who are skilled in its mysteries—will join with the all-powerful press in this work, I cannot for a moment doubt that they will at once decide on the value to be placed on my moral and intellectual attributes." Mr. Tyrwhitt, of course, told him that he had no time for such matters; and here was another wrong committed by society against an estimable member, whose high moral and intellectual attributes might easily be tested, if the nobility, gentry, bar, and press would form themselves into a committee for that purpose. The man seems absolutely to have thought that all the estates of the realm were bound to investigate his circumstances, and minister to his desires.

Murders have been committed ere now out of hatred, cupidity, ambition, fear, desperation, jealousy, passion in all its moods, and malice in all its forms; but the motive for the quintuple murders by this man Southey, or Forward, was sheer vanity and egotism. Self-worship has rarely developed into such a diseased and monstrous growth. The world, in his own estimation, was made for himself alone; and because the world was not of the same opinion, he strikes right and left, even at those whom he affects to love, and with the rage of

a petulant child, and the subtle cruelty of a vicious man, revenges his quarrel with society by the ruin of others and himself.

ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO BE EXAMINED.

ANY one who has had the least experience in conducting an examination, whether at Oxford or Cambridge, or at any of the great public schools, must have been struck with the fact that there is but a small per-centage of those who really do themselves justice before examiners. This is, of course, especially true of *viva voce* examinations; but there are many sufficient causes to account for it there. With very few exceptions, all men are more or less nervous at their *viva voce*. There is always a fearful apprehension that they are about to be drawn into a subject upon which they are exceptionally ignorant; they frequently misunderstand or imperfectly hear the question put, and are foolish enough not to ask to have it repeated; they interpret the very manners of the examiner as representing their dangerous condition: if he is grave, and waits for some moments between his questions, they believe that he is regarding them as condemned and lost; if he is smiling and courteous, their imagination makes them believe that it is a case of Isaac Walton and the worm—he is impaling them as if he loved them; if, indeed, he is not bearing fearful testimony to Hamlet's conviction—

"That one may smile and smile, and be a villain!"

Current rumours, moreover, assign particular predilections to particular examiners. One is supposed to have a strong leaning to the genealogy of the Herods (if it be a University Divinity Examination), or the Latin words in the Greek Testament. Another is reported safe for a question on the campaigns of Civilis, or the Herodotean description of the crocodile; and if no such question, or nothing that can lead up to it, is asked, the victim thinks there is something wrong, and is at once down-hearted. This, of course, would refer only to the "shakiest" Pass-men. Still it is incontestable that at school examinations, as well as at the universities, the best men lose their heads; and not all the affability nor all the suggestiveness of the examiner can tempt the answer out, though often the examiner is confident that it is really known. But without going away deeper into the causes of failure in *viva voce* examinations, we propose to try and explain the reasons why the same truth holds, more or less, in the questions answered on paper, by which most examinations are conducted. Pupils do not do themselves justice on paper any more than on *viva voce*. Or if they do, it is the exception and not the rule. The first five minutes of an examination are often fatal to a youth of great promise. And that for this reason. On first sitting down, the examinee snatches up the paper, runs his eye over the questions rapidly, invariably comes to the conclusion that he cannot answer a single one; his heart begins to beat; he is distracted by the loud scratching of pens, for there are always a number present who commence scratching away with fatal fluency, long before they can have thoroughly mastered the bearing of a single question. Our young friend becomes hopeless and unable to concentrate his thoughts, and, perhaps, two good hours are wasted by five minutes foolishly spent. It is a piece of really sound advice to be told not to look at an examination paper till you have quietly settled yourself at the desk and arranged all about you; then to read the paper most slowly, pausing till you are quite sure you see what each question means; partly that you may really see how it bears on your knowledge, and partly that you may not be tempted to answer off the point, by having caught some leading word in the question and failing to see how much or how little is really included in it. And when the pen is dipped, and an answer is about to be written down, it is as well to be warned of several types of answer which are, if possible, not to be imitated. Of course, there are always a great number of answers which must find a place in that fatal xxxvii. th chapter in the History of Ireland; which when it came to the subject "Owls," could only add, "There are no owls in Ireland;" and needs must be that "no answer" is common from a variety of reasons, among which it may not be impolitic to hint at ignorance as a likely one.

No amount of advice can repair the want of study; so we may pass at once to a second type of failure, which we will call the *Laconic*. It is observable even in clever, well-informed men, who fail to see that whatever be the form of the question, it is intended to bring out what you know on the subject. If *Laconic* is asked, "Is there any trace of a middle voice in Latin?" he answers, "Yes," and there leaves it; or if he be solicited to "Mention the principal

oracles referred to in Herodotus," he sets down in the baldest way two or three names, like Delphi and Abas, without a word of reference to the context in which they occur, or their connection with the history of the book. *Laconic* is a man who blasts the hopes of tutors, and is always quite astonished at his own failure, for he informs his friends, with modest confidence, that "he answered every question." The third type must have a name, and he may be called *Euler*; because tradition recounts that a certain man had been told by his "coach," or had made up his mind, that "*Euler's* proof for fractional and negative indices" must of necessity occur in the paper. He learned the proof by heart; but upon inspecting his paper he saw nothing resembling his *pièce de résistance*. Nothing daunted, he sat down and attacked Quest. 1, which is believed to have been a sum in G. C. M. "Before working out this," he wrote, "it is absolutely necessary to give Euler's proof of the binomial theorem for fractional and negative indices." And it is perfectly true that *Euler* still lives and thrives at examinations. If a man has got up the arguments in the *Phædo* for the immortality of the soul, it is not at all improbable that he will force them in somehow. Even if no other opening occurred in a paper on that book, some would be foolish enough to get it in thus:—Quest. 4. "What was the behaviour of Socrates in the prison among his friends?" Ans. "Calm and tranquil; for he believed in the immortality of the soul, which he established by the following arguments:—1," &c.; and so he is fairly launched in his grand subject. A modification of the *Euler* type is termed *Sampson*. There was once a man who asked his friend to lead the conversation up to Sampson at dinner-time, as he had a good thing to say about him. Once during the fish, once in the sweets, and lastly at dessert the wretched victim took advantage of a pause to remark on the proverbial strength of Sampson. "Nothing like as strong as you," at last his treacherous friend cried, "for you have lugged him in three times head and shoulders." And like him does many a poor examinee lug in something that has only the very remotest connection, if any, with the subject, just because he believes that it is so much valuable information and must tell in his favour. Whereas it would be a great truth learned only to be convinced that the presumption invariably is that *Sampson* is only a device for concealing ignorance of the worst kind. Another type, not quite so common, but very dangerous when virulent, is called *Mesopotamia*, on the authority of the old lady who found this splendid word so very comforting. There is a class of men who think it their interest to clothe, or rather to obscure, the simplest answer in the most bombastic language. If you ask them a plain question about the Greek drama, you immediately get "the breathless Athenian audience in the terraced theatre beneath the over-arching canopy of heaven, hanging on the lips of Euripides," or "entranced with the magic eloquence of the Attic bee." With the school of *Mesopotamia* historical answers are full of judgments, and providences, and the delusions of an insensate heathen populace; their logic paper is always deep in metaphysics, and invariably contains passing hits at rationalism and fatalism, which last substance was once actually described as "dropping like blackened oil from the iron engine-wheels of Mr. Mill's inexorable logic"! Of this school are they who use language not, as the epigrammatist said, to conceal their thoughts, but to conceal their want of thought. There is yet a type left to be noticed called *Chaos*. *Chaos* contains the possibility of a creation which is very good, but is utterly disorganized and ruined by having neither order nor connection. The school of *Chaos* knows a good deal, has read much, has even thought not a little; but the results of the reading and thinking are shot out, like rubbish, without the slightest principle of logical arrangement.

A *Chaos* answer, if only set in order—one statement leading up to, or connected with, another, and that carrying the thread on to a third—becomes a very valuable and successful answer; and the powers who can best arrange this universe and bring it under some law, are Patience and Common Sense. And a word or two of advice might yet be added. When you sit down to be examined, and see that you are told to translate and explain a passage, remember that the mere bald translation of the words never can exhaust what you are bidden to do; for the form of the question implies that the difficulty is in the construction, or in the reference to the context; and unless such difficulty and such connection be explained, the question has not been fairly disposed of. Again, when the command is to "illustrate" a passage, the task has not been performed unless something parallel, either in construction or meaning, or both, is brought to bear upon it. These are truths for every sort of examination; for the Uni-

versity, for schools, for the Civil Service, for Ordination. Whatever the subject is that is offered, this golden rule will apply: Avoid *Laconic*, *Euler*, *Sampson*, *Mesopotamia*, and *Chaos*, and unless thou art paralyzed by that fatal xxxvii.th chapter of Ignorance, thou wilt have learned, O young man reading for thy examination, to acquit thyself with greater credit, and so wilt more surely win success.

HOPS AND HOP-PICKERS.

If a stranger happens to be spending his summer holidays in Kent, Sussex, or the Worcester district, and takes up a county paper in the beginning of August, an advertisement like the following will probably meet his eye in the very first column:—

"To HOP-PICKERS.—Persons requiring hop-picking for a month or more should apply to Benjamin Maund, Bailiff, Lower Wick, near Worcester, to have their names put down. A liberal price will be given."

Such invitations are not issued in vain, as the streets of Gravesend alone in the month of September abundantly prove. All but the old inhabitants are astonished at the number of gipsy-like men, women, and children, straggling in from the country in groups, garlanded with hops and tanned by the sun. Many, if not most, of them are London Irish, and certainly represent poverty in its lowest aspect. There are old women, without bonnets, with short pipes in their mouths, and young women with children bound up in shawls, or bundles containing all they possess in the way of victuals and clothes. Special hop-pickers' trains bring them down from London and other towns on the Medway and Thames, and restore them to their homes in due season. More than nine thousand of such passengers are conveyed from the capital every year, and the South-Eastern Company alone sends on between two and three thousand of them from Gravesend, to join the several trains. Thus they flow into the hop-gardens of West Kent through Maidstone, the stations between Tunbridge and that town. Numbers come on foot, to save the cost of railway; and though it is difficult to compute them exactly, it will perhaps be no exaggeration to say that the immigrant hop-pickers in this district amount to twenty thousand. Waggoners are usually sent to meet them on their arrival; and the lodgings to which they are conveyed are called "hopper-houses." This year the wains will be well loaded, and the houses well crammed, for the hop-fields promise a splendid crop. Sun and rain have been propitious, and kindly powers have averted the red-spider and the flea, lice, honeydew, blight, and fire-blast. Everywhere we are told that "hops are very forward and luxuriant. The crop will probably be the best that has been seen for some years. The bine is coming 'suity,' and turning into hops so fast, that picking will begin this year a week sooner than usual." Indeed, the Hop Planters' Joint-Stock Company, Southwark, received the first pocket of hops of this year's growth that has been sent to market, in the very beginning of August. The bulk, of which it was a sample, was grown by Mr. Child, of Bromley Palace, whose hop-garden is the nearest to the metropolis. But whence this life in the hop market, after all the dismal predictions of protectionists? It is but a few years since they confidently foretold that the hop trade would be ruined, and the growers of forty-six thousand acres bankrupt. They accepted gladly the abolition of a heavy duty on home-grown hops. They delighted in the thought of keeping one pound on every hundredweight in their pockets; but they could not endure the condition attached to the removal of their grievance—that the import duty on foreign hops should also be removed. Loudly they clamoured against this reckless application of the principle of free-trade; and many who had eagerly demanded a repeal of the corn laws, now that their own interests appeared to be in jeopardy, resisted, with strange inconsistency, the easy introduction of foreign hops into our ports. Free-trade, however, triumphed, and English hops have their price as before. The prophets of evil are proved by experience to have spoken a vain thing; and though hop-growing is always a kind of speculation, in consequence of the delicacy of the plant, the caprice of the climate, and the fickleness of the market, as many Colegates and Goldings as ever climb their poles, throw abroad their luxuriant branches, range from "hill" to "hill," and interlace across the "alleys" in graceful festoons. Indeed, though Continental hop-merchants, as well as corn-factors, may now compete with us in our own markets, we doubt whether the exportation of English beer and porter, made chiefly with hops of English growth, will not go on increasing, and far exceed the importation of French and other

light wines. And it is evident that the more bottled ale is drunk in the Boulevards of Paris, the better price will the Kentish hop-grower get for his produce.

Truly the hop-garden is a beautiful sight, and it flourishes, strange to say, on stony ground, as in the neighbourhood of Maidstone, no less than in clays and strong deep loams. A vineyard, with all its classical associations, is often—witness the South of France—an unsightly object; and hop gardens, with less poetic charm, are sometimes more really picturesque. Hops, too, have their "grapes," climbing-poles twelve feet high, and, when favoured by genial weather, they rapidly become extremely beautiful. Here they festoon high overhead, and there they curve low almost to the ground. The female blossom becomes the fruit, and hangs in thick clusters, of a pale green colour, and somewhat resembling bunches of grapes. A few chilly nights, a few black and stormy skies, and the hope of the hop-garden is withered. A scanty and poor picking is all that rewards the long labour of spudding and manuring the ground, cutting away the shoots, tying and training the bine, and nidgetting the weeds. No auguries of a crop can be trusted till towards the close of July, for, as the old adage says of the 25th—

"Till James's day be past and gone
There may be hops, or there may be none."

When the picking is fairly commenced, a picture of human life is added to one of natural beauty. But "many particular features and discriminations," to use Dr. Johnson's big words, "are confused and conglobated into one gross and general idea." The stranger who wishes to fix the scene in his memory with all its details will do well to carry with him a note book, as Pliny did even when he went out hunting. Two hundred persons are turned into the alleys, if the hop ground to be picked covers fifty acres. In Mid-Kent they are divided into companies of eight or ten adults, besides children. Over each of these companies there is a "binman," who supplies each picker with a bin, or half a bin, into which the hops fall as fast as they are picked off the bine. In some districts baskets are used instead of bins, and in Worcestershire the hops are laid in large "cribs." Woe to the unhappy wight, in gentleman's attire, who enters a hop ground in that county when the picking-women are at their work. They have a custom which is quite fatal to his peace or his pocket, and, perhaps, to both. He is required to pay his "footing," and if he refuses, they are privileged to take him by force, lay him in a crib, half-smother him with hops, kiss his angry cheeks, and exact his money after all. This is called "cribbing;" and the laws of cribbing, like those of crossing the line, have no respect of persons. We have seen a refractory doctor, who had tied up his horse, and sauntered into a hop-ground, fairly taken to in this way by picking-nymphs, and compelled, after strong resistance, to own himself vanquished, and pay his fee.

If you crossed the Alps by the Simplon Pass, and came down into that region of luxuriant loveliness which lies on the Italian side, you might easily chance to sleep at a wayside *locanda*, and be wakened on your mattress of dry leaves in the morning by rustic but thrilling melody. You would start from your bed, and, throwing open the casement, would see bands of hop-pickers timing their labours to the sweetest song. Yet human passions can mar even these harmonies, just as the ruder catches we hear trolled by the "hoppers" in Hampshire and Surrey are not unfrequently interrupted by "strikes." Terrible things are those strikes and locks-out, whether they occur in the ironworks of Wales, among the gravediggers of Autun, the cabmen of Paris, or the hop-pickers of Kent. Mr. Rogers has loudly condemned them, and deservedly. They encourage all kinds of ill-will between class and class, and throw many a hop-ground, where all was cheerful and orderly, into utter confusion. The tattered London Irish and towns' poor unite and force the home pickers to strike for increase of pay. The tally was fixed at seven, and they now cry for six; that is, they agreed to pick seven bushels for a shilling, and they want to pick six only. They rush in a body to the hop-grower's house, and demand "justice" with loud cries and angry mien. The military ere now have been called in to administer a *quietus*, but the general mode of terminating the dispute is by making some concession to the mutineers, and paying off and discharging the most turbulent. Women and children pick better than men. The latter, indeed, may almost as well remain at home, so far does the skill of wife and daughter surpass theirs among the "hills." Many of them earn from two to three shillings a day. Altogether the hop season forms a pleasant episode in the gloomy life of the London poor. The occupation itself is agreeable, and the change from an impure to a pure atmosphere in the open fields is so beneficial to the health and spirits that it is no wonder

the newly-acquired jollity of the "hoppers" finds vent in jumping over hurdles just as good folk are coming out of church on Sunday; in Chatham and Woolwich amazons vaulting over ropes with a hop-pole; in dances on the roadside when the overloaded waggons that take them homeward stick fast in the ruts; in fiddling, falling out, and fighting; drinking at all the public-houses, and scattering endless fragments of apples and pears, nuts and shrimps. Many a good game they have on the green when work is over, and many a loud laugh at the drier who jumps into the "pocket," without any under raiment, in his old coat and trousers, and packs the hops equally and tightly by treading. He might say with the frogs in the fable, "It is sport for you, but death to us;" for to dance away as he does till the "pocket" is filled as tight as a drum, is labour of the severest kind. In many places a packing-machine spares him this trouble, but also diminishes his gains.

There are two great drawbacks to the welfare of the immigrant hop-picker—beer and higgledy-piggledy. We shall leave the former evil to be combated by temperance tracts and orators, and explain what we mean by the latter. Not long ago, a conscientious landowner in one of the hop counties, who was shocked at the immorality fostered by the want of proper arrangement in the lodgings of the hoppers, provided and numbered separate apartments for married and unmarried persons. The next Sunday afternoon he visited his hopper-houses, and had to complain that none of his directions had been attended to. The hoppers, in fact, all derided him, and said they preferred "living higgledy-piggledy." Their tenements are so primitive that they deserve to be described; yet it must not be forgotten that, pitiful as they are, they are, nevertheless, better than in former days. The bands of Irish labourers who used to seek the double harvest of corn and hops in Kent, slept in outhouses, barns, and waggon-sheds, and often under the hedges. When other help than theirs was needed, the accommodation improved, and cattle-sheds, thatched sheds, sheep-hurdles, and hopper-houses were placed at their disposal. The sheds of the first kind are not called cattle-sheds, because the hoppers are turned into them like so many cattle (though this is nothing but the truth), but because they belong literally to the ox and the ass. If they are thoroughly cleaned before the poor pickers tenant them, it is all they can expect. The other sheds spoken of are thatched with wheat-straw, secured by hazel sticks. There are no divisions in them of any sort, and "higgledy-piggledy" prevails to such an extent that they contain about thirty sleepers, without distinction of sex or age. Sometimes it happens that they are orderly, especially when picking-time is only just begun, but the fatal effects of too much beer soon become apparent, and "higgledy-piggledy" shows to the greatest disadvantage. The "sheep-hurdle gate-house" is a very primitive contrivance. The hurdles are fixed into the ground, and others are placed on the top of them slantwise. They meet at the roof-angle, and are thatched like the sheds. Hurdles form the divisions, and a hurdle stuffed with straw answers the purpose of a door. The building is easily raised by the farm-labourer and stack-thatcher, and is often thirty feet long, six wide, with the height at the sides that of a sheep-hurdle, and in the middle sufficient for a man to stand upright. The long den has but one door, but it has the advantage of being well ventilated through the thatch on the sides and roof.

But the lodging more frequently provided is a low-pitched building, divided inside into about a dozen compartments, each with an entrance from without. In this respect as in many others, it surpasses the gatehouse, which can boast but one door; it is made of brick, and is slated or tiled. Sometimes, however, shingle, or wattel and plaster, are used for building material, with boarded or thatched roofs. The houses require no windows, for they are little used in the daytime, and fire-places for cooking purposes are built apart. Each bin's company occupies a compartment, and the arrangements are generally left entirely to them. Interference does little good, and is rather to be deprecated than otherwise, until the accommodation provided shall be such as to ensure decency. Chairs and tables are unknown; the floor is covered thickly with straw; clothes are hung on pegs driven into the wall, or sticks fixed at the eaves; and some hop-growers indulge their pickers with the luxury of a lantern. As to toilet, there is a tub for washing clothes, and a bowl or two, before which they who are so minded may kneel and wash their faces. Tents, also, have been much used for sleeping of late years; but they require a trench to be dug outside, and are not liked by the hoppers because they cannot be padlocked during the day. Their little all is worth but a few pence, and for that very reason, perhaps, they are the less willing to lose it.

It is evident that the condition of the hop-pickers presents a large field of exertion to the philanthropist; that their material and moral welfare are bound up closely together; and that fresh influences must be brought to bear on their employers before they will be housed in a manner suitable to rational and responsible beings.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

In the midst of a thousand guesses as to the fate of the expedition on which the *Great Eastern* sailed, on the 23rd ult.,—guesses not unaccompanied by some anxiety lest she had proved faithful to her unlucky antecedents and had herself met with some mishap—the big ship has returned to us, and has solved the mystery which set so many wits at work, by a very simple story. In the attempt to recover a portion of the cable in which a fault had been ascertained, the cable fouled the hawser-pipe, was damaged in the effort to clear it, and—broke. So far there is disappointment. When the accident happened, the ship was 1,063 miles from Valentia and 600 miles from Heart's Content, Newfoundland—her destination. She had paid out 1,212 miles of cable, and the process had gone so smoothly, the arrangements were so perfect, and she herself had proved so eminently fitted for her work, that no doubt was entertained that the cable would be carried with success into Trinity Bay. On the 2nd inst. a partial loss of insulation was discovered, which electrical tests placed at some six miles distant. Twice before this the cable had to be recovered and a similar fault cut out: first, when 74 miles of cable had been paid out, and when it was necessary, at a depth of 500 fathoms, to recover 10½ miles; and again on the 29th of July, when 708 miles had been paid out, and when, owing to the total loss of insulation, 2½ miles were picked up at a depth of 2,000 fathoms—on both occasions with success. The third attempt was unfortunate. When the place of the fault was ascertained—in soundings of 1,950 fathoms—the cable was passed from the stern to the bow of the ship, and, after getting in two miles of it, it broke. This was on the 2nd inst. From the 3rd to the 11th was spent in efforts to recover the cable. A grapnel with two and a half nautical miles of rope was lowered, the ship being placed so as to drift over the line of cable. Out of four attempts, three were successful in hooking it; but on each occasion, after lifting it several hundred fathoms from the bottom, the tackle broke close to the bow of the vessel, and, the supply of grappling-rope being spent, the *Great Eastern* was obliged to come home, leaving two buoys to mark the point at which the expedition broke down.

Thus, then, we have to record disappointment, but not failure. If the buoys hold their ground, there can be little doubt that with better grappling-tackle, and abundance of it, the cable can be recovered. There seems to be good hope that the buoys will hold their ground; and it is the belief of those who were on board the *Great Eastern*, that from her size and constant steadiness, together with the better control obtained over her by having both paddles and screw, she is capable of laying the cable in any weather. During a breeze which blew for two days, though the sea washed over the *Terrible*, scarcely any motion was observable on board the big ship. Her greatest roll was 7½ degrees, and her greatest pitching 1 to 1½ degrees. Of the paying-out machinery, and of the cable itself, the report speaks in terms of the highest satisfaction. Nothing can be better. There is hardly a doubt that had the *Great Eastern* been supplied with sufficiently strong tackle and hauling-in machinery, she might now have been at Heart's Content instead of at Sheerness. We may, then, without presumption, indulge the hope that, instead of failure, we may record that two-thirds of the cable have been successfully laid; and that whenever an attempt is made to lay the remainder, the difficulty of first lifting the broken end will not be insurmountable. Even if the buoys are forced from their moorings, their position is known, and they will not be indispensable to success.

The ill-success of the last experiment in laying an Atlantic Telegraph Cable has, we understand, brought a great deal of unsolicited advice, and innumerable schemes, each warranted infallible, to the company's office. As is usual on such occasions, several pamphlets are in preparation, and within a few months a small bibliographical list of ocean telegraphy in 1865 may be readily enough compiled by the student or librarian. Already, Dr. Wallich, F.R.G.S. and F.L.S., announces as in active preparation, "The Atlantic Cable, and Deep-Sea Telegraphy." The work will form an 8vo. volume, and will be published by Mr. Van Voorst, of Paternoster-row.

THE "LONDON REVIEW" CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. XX.—THE DIOCESE OF NORWICH.—No. 2.

FATHER IGNATIUS.

A NOTICE of the diocese of Norwich would be incomplete without some mention of Father Ignatius. He is not the only clergyman of the Church of England who has assumed this name. The Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, once a clergyman of the Church of England, who afterwards went over to Rome, also called himself Father Ignatius. The two "Fathers" were at first mistaken for each other, but there was an essential difference in their careers and modes of action. While our Norwich Father Ignatius assumed the dress and name of a Roman Catholic monk, he professed to be still a member of the Church of England, heedless of the scandal he created, and the indignation he excited in the breasts of the members of that Church. Mr. Spencer, on the contrary, with more honesty and good feeling, openly declared himself a convert to the Church of Rome.

Our Father Ignatius was formerly known among men as the Rev. Joseph Ligaster Lync, of St. George's-in-the-East, London. Here, although remarkable for certain religious eccentricities, in which he even outdid the Rev. Bryan King, whose ultra High Church vagaries led to unseemly disturbances a few years ago, Mr. Lync obtained the respect due to his active labours and ministrations among the poor of that impoverished parish. We next hear of him in Norwich, where he founded the "Protestant" order of Benedictines. Of this body, Father Ignatius named himself Prior. The locality selected for his convent was a somewhat crowded neighbourhood, known as Elm-hill. The stranger in Norwich who inquires for the Benedictine Convent, will find all his preconceived notions of such an establishment rudely overturned. Nothing can be less attractive than the appearance of this "convent." It consists simply of some old houses, not in particularly good repair. The poverty of the order will naturally account for the selection.

So far as we are aware, Father Ignatius has not told the world which particular Roman saint he calls himself after—whether Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, who suffered martyrdom A.D. 107, or Ignatius Loyola, founder of the order of Jesuits, A.D. 1521. We are inclined to prefer the latter hypothesis, as we find that Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, exhorted the Smyræans to "follow your bishop as Christ,"—a doctrine of which we find no traces in the life and practice of the Norwich Ignatius, who sets his bishop at defiance, and treats his admonitions with contempt. This mutinous behaviour on the part of the Rev. Prior of the Elm-hill Benedictines is the more remarkable, as he is himself exceedingly peremptory in the article of obedience. Indeed, in the threefold vow which he imposes on his order, of "poverty, chastity, and obedience," he is perhaps more exacting on the latter point than either of the others. Witness the late scandal at Bristol, where, in language that would have fired the breast of the great Ernulphus with envy, he consigned his unfortunate monks to every imaginable discomfort, physical and moral, in this world, and to eternal perdition in the next, not for getting drunk, but for disobedience to his orders.

People of æsthetic tastes who have travelled on the Continent will not be far wrong in supposing that Norwich possesses an element of picturesqueness denied to the prosaic every-day life of other English cities. The Father and his Benedictines not only appear in the streets in the costume of their order, but get up Church processions in the streets. Certain Sisters of Mercy, who have appeared in Norwich, and are said to be labouring under the Father's spiritual direction, are dressed in costumes closely resembling the Roman Catholic sisters of the same order. Recently these costumes were more frequently observed in the streets of Norwich. Their number had certainly increased, but upon closer inspection it appeared that there was some slight difference in the dress of the newcomers, and it was found that they were Roman Catholics, having no communication with their Protestant sisters. The residents in Norwich are now accustomed to the sight of both, and assimilating one with the other, from the Roman Catholic type of their dress, the two institutions are looked upon as almost identical.

A good deal of difference of opinion prevails in Norwich, as elsewhere, as to the attempt of Father Ignatius to introduce the monastic system into England. Some imagine that it is a crafty method to draw people indirectly into the Church of Rome, by familiarizing them with the Romish ritual and

observances. Others believe Father Ignatius to be simply a fanatic, the absurdity of whose behaviour, although it may induce a few simpletons to join him, will in no long period lead to the extinction of his order. It would appear that his congregations are in great part attracted by the novelty of the exhibition, and there is reason to believe that, after two or three visits, their curiosity is so far satisfied that the same persons cease to attend the rev. father's religious services. In whatever light the Protestant Benedictines and their practices may be regarded by the public, a considerable amount of mischief is done to the cause of religion through their means. In the first place, Father Ignatius certainly does teach the population of Norwich to look with less aversion on the external attributes of Rome. It may be conceded that up to the present time none of his monks have joined the Romish Church, nor have any of his congregation, although many of them are more than half-way on the road to Rome. Father Ignatius would, no doubt, indignantly deny that the movement is simply on his part an insidious attempt to draw converts to Rome by his approach to the outward form of worship of that Church. Yet such a theory is not without some justification when we hear of the services performed in the chapel of the monastery. Let us transcribe, for the reader's information, one of the cards of admission to the services of the chapel. On the front it is headed, in a bold type, "Benedictine Priory;" below these words is a large Latin cross; and lower down the words, "Admit the bearer to the services and lectures." On the back is printed a programme of "The Daily Services at Priory Chapel," which are as under:—

Matins	2 a.m.	Sext and Meditation ...	12 noon.
Lauds	3 a.m.	Nones	2 p.m.
Prime	6 a.m.	Vespers	6 p.m.
Terce and Mass	8 a.m.	Compline	8:30 a.m.

Lectures on Wednesday and Saturday at 7 p.m.

Sunday Evening Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 7 p.m.

Sunday and Festivals, High Mass and Sermon at 11 a.m.

Another of the Romish imitations of Father Ignatius may be seen in his religious processions through the public streets. Roman Catholic processions are forbidden to pass through our streets. In many of the principal cities of Italy itself, a municipal law has lately been under consideration to prohibit them. Father Ignatius, however, carries them out occasionally in Norwich with perfect impunity. He defends them with amusing ingenuity. His plea is that he is a Protestant clergyman of the Church of England, performing what he considers to be a rite or ceremony of the Established Church, although, it may be, after a Romish model. These processions naturally caused great excitement and much scandal among the Protestant population.

"Where was the Bishop?" the reader will ask. The right rev. prelate was of course accurately informed as to what was going on, and was well disposed to interfere. If his action appears to be feeble and inadequate, it is only fair to remember the defects in the ecclesiastical law of this country, to which we alluded in a former article. A bishop has a surplussage of power in some directions. He is able to gratify a vindictive taste and temper in the persecution of a Gorham and a Shore; but when his clergy enter the Romish priesthood, or parody the Roman Catholic ceremonies in their church services, he may shelter himself, if High Church, under the state of the law, from the responsibility of instituting proceedings against them. A bishop of Exeter who admonishes a curate of St. Ives for permitting his wife occasionally to attend a Wesleyan chapel, would have us believe that the law leaves him without power to interfere in the case of a rector of the neighbouring parish of St. Buryan, the Hon. and Rev. Fitzroy Stanhope, a dean of the Church—with five livings. This ornament of the Established Church, who died about two years ago, was a fast man about town, whose moral delinquencies were notorious, and who boasted that, although he had held his five livings for some forty years, he had only preached one sermon in his life. If the ecclesiastical law is so defective as to withhold a remedy for such scandals, one would suppose a bishop would not rest night or day until he had persuaded the Legislature to amend it. In the case of the Bishop of Norwich and Father Ignatius, the contention is religious and not moral, but there would appear to be a similar want of power on the part of the diocesan to control his clergy and uphold discipline. We have already pointed out what might be thought adequate ground for proceeding against Father Ignatius; but, although there is not a prelate on the Bench whose principles are more thoroughly Protestant than those of the Bishop of Norwich, he appears to be almost powerless in the matter. It is true he can admonish this self-constituted Benedictine prior, and he has done so with

an energy and explicitness which show his earnest desire to put a stop to Romish imitations in his diocese. The "Father," however, treats the admonitions of his diocesan not simply with contempt, but with something like open defiance, and Bishop Pelham is obliged to swallow the indignity with the best grace he may.

The "passages at arms" between the Bishop and the Prior are not without interest, as illustrating the character of Father Ignatius, as well as the state of our ecclesiastical law. The Father evinces an astuteness that reflects no discredit upon a disciple of Loyola. His casuistry and ingenuity have been at times, indeed, so remarkable that he is supposed by some to be inspired by more cunning brains than his own. It is rare to find in an individual so fanatical so much subtlety and power of special pleading as he displays in opposing the authority of his bishop and the terrors of the ecclesiastical law when it is threatened to be invoked against him. We have adverted to his ingenious plea for the legality of his *quasi*-Romish processions. They would be illegal if organized by the Roman Catholic priesthood, but they are nowhere forbidden to the clergy of the Established Church! Another plea, said to be put forward by Father Ignatius against the Bishop's prohibition of the religious practices performed in the monastery chapel, is that, being only a deacon and not in priests' orders, his diocesan cannot interfere!

The Bishop has interposed to stop one notorious scandal, but he has not escaped unscathed. The Prior and his monks were in the habit of attending early service in the church of St. Saviour's in procession, for the purpose of receiving the Sacrament. Although the service at St. Saviour's is conducted in the most approved High Church fashion, the extraordinary dress of the monks caused much offence to divers of the congregation, as well as great indignation on the part of those members of the Established Church who happened to see the procession passing through the streets. The result was that the Bishop was appealed to. After making due inquiry into the matter, and finding the complaint a just one, he requested the Rev. Mr. Cooke, the incumbent of St. Saviour's, not to administer the Sacrament again to Mr. Lyne unless he appeared in a costume more in accordance with the habits and manners of the nineteenth century, and less resembling that of a mediæval monk. Mr. Cooke immediately obeyed his lordship's instructions, and wrote a letter to Father Ignatius, requesting him to absent himself from the Communion-table unless dressed in a fit and proper manner, and also informing him that in this prohibition he simply followed the explicit instructions of the Bishop. The Prior, on receipt of Mr. Cooke's letter, wrote a note to the Bishop from "The Benedictine Convent, Elm Hill, in Octave Ascension," requesting to know if Mr. Cooke had his lordship's authority for the letter he had written, and signing himself, as usual, "Ignatius, O.S.B. Superior." He received for answer that Mr. Cooke had simply acted up to his (the Bishop's) instructions. Father Ignatius immediately wrote a note to the Bishop, headed, singularly enough, with the word "Pax," in which he says, "Your treatment of me from the beginning has been most cruel. In the first place, your lordship entrapped me into applying for your license only to refuse it to me, and to inhibit me; and that when the rector, the churchwardens, and the majority of the congregation of Claydon parish church requested you to license me."

This is by no means couched in the respectful tone and phraseology generally expected to be used by a deacon when addressing his bishop; but far stronger language is to follow:—

"Not more than eighteen months ago, you told me in so many words to go over to the Church of Rome. I would not follow your godly monition then—now you endeavour to drive me there. Still, I say, with God's help, you shall not. You charge Mr. Cooke to excommunicate me at St. Saviour's. Why? On account of my peculiar dress. Does God look at the dress, or at the heart, when we desire to approach his altar? I desire to live for the service of Christ and his poor, and for nothing else. I dissent from nothing in the teaching of the Church of England. Now, my lord, are you as careful to exclude Dissenters and semi-unbelievers from Holy Communion as you are me? You invite professed and open enemies of the Church to eat with you in your house, viz., the Benedictine Priory of the Holy Trinity, where you live as a Benedictine Abbot. You try to ingratiate yourself with them. You have never tried by even one kind word to lead me to what you believe to be right. You have even been harsh and unkind."

Whether the Bishop can be rightly said to have excommunicated Father Ignatius when he requested Mr. Cooke to with-

hold the sacrament from him, unless he appeared in a different dress, may be open to dispute. At the first reading, the Father's letter appears to be a cry of anguish, from a cruelly persecuted man, with which the reader will be disposed to sympathize. But the Father, too, is a person in authority. He is "Ignatius, O.S.B. Superior," and let us see whether he exercises his power with the mildness, gentleness, and kindness, which he demands from his diocesan. The Bishop's form of excommunication widely differs from that adopted by the Prior, when his two unfortunate monks took a drop too much. The Superior of the Order of Saint Benedict, who so bitterly accuses his bishop of want of charity and cruel unkindness towards him, without the slightest hesitation gave over his two children to Satan; "that their souls might be saved in the day of the Lord." "May God, in his just anger," he continues, "light on them! May the dread of hell encompass them! Let them be restless and without peace in their going out and coming in! May their sleep be bitter to them! May their eyes in the night watches know terror! May their own ears be filled with the sound of their own cursing! May they know no peace! May their food be terror and their drink be grief! May they lie down in sorrow and wake up in sore amazement."

Of the two, most people will infinitely prefer the Bishop's style of excommunication. It is not only more in accordance with modern ideas, but appears to have been more efficacious. It has checked a scandal, and the Prior still smarts under its temperate severity, while the two disorderly monks appear to have received the elaborate cursing of his own excommunication with perfect indifference.

Father Ignatius resents the attack upon his monkish costume with a spirit and vivacity which lead us to the conclusion that it is dearer to him than life itself. The old saying, "*Cucullus non facit monachum*," is here reversed, for the cowl not only makes the friar but the communicant, if not the Christian. The Prior having to choose between the Holy Communion and his monkish dress, does not hesitate in his preference. If his cowl and scapulary are to be the price of his re-admission into the Church, he determines to remain without the fold.

He tells the Bishop,—"If I give up my dress to go to Holy Communion, I should in my conscience (if I may be allowed to have any) feel far more unfit to receive the precious gift than while having upon me the holy dress of a Benedictine monk. . . . I shall claim for myself liberty of conscience, and also the liberty to wear any dress which I choose to pay for, without consulting any person breathing as to the cut or shape of it." He also indulges in sly and invidious comparisons between the Bishop's ordinary costume and his own:—"Your own dress, my lord, is almost as unlike the usual dress of men as is my own, and certainly not sanctioned and provided for by the Church as is my Benedictine habit, which is *exactly* prescribed by the rule which the Church has sanctioned. No such authority can be shown for your costume as I can show for mine."

A good many people will be disposed to pat the Father upon the shoulder, and to declare that in this part of his dispute he has not the worst of the argument. In an artistic point of view, the Benedictine walking costume is no doubt infinitely superior to the shovel hat, apron, and gaiters of a bishop in undress. From what model it could originally have been taken, or who was its inventor, are matters which have unluckily been thought unworthy of the "dignity of history." We lately came across a work printed some thirty years since, which, treating on the subject, maintains that the different articles composing a bishop's walking dress are all symbolical. Thus, the hat is an imitation of the large slouched head-dress worn by the primitive bishops to ward off the rays of the sun in their journeys to different parts of their dioceses. Their gaiters are significative of their readiness to start off on foot, at a moment's notice, on any charitable or religious object requiring their attention; while the apron is typical of the fall of our first parents.

A bishop must have recompensed himself for much annoyance in his promenades by inventing these ingenious speculations. His undress attire is neither graceful nor flowing, and it is certainly ill-calculated to inspire respect. Perhaps Father Ignatius, who has such a sure eye for the picturesque, would favour the world with his suggestions for the improvement of episcopal undress. "A bishop's dress—what it is, and what it should be," would be a not unfair Rowland for the Bishop's Oliver. The question should be tried by a jury of artists, and the fig-leaf may certainly go for nothing in the dispute. We lately heard of a right reverend prelate who, a year or two ago, visited Paris for the first time in his life. His stay did not extend over more than a few days; but on his return he remarked, with the simplicity natural to his character, that the French seemed to be a peculiarly light-hearted, happy race.

There was no one he met who, when he passed him, had not, he said, a smile or a laugh upon his countenance. It never occurred to the innocent and unsuspecting prelate that his peculiar and unaccustomed costume excited the risibility of our lively neighbours. Even in the streets of London, where a live bishop is oftener seen, his shovel-hat and apron always inspire a sensation of oddness and incongruity. The remarks of the bystanders are not always of a complimentary character, nor is there, as a matter of fact, anything so venerable in the calves of the human leg, that they should be exposed to public view by a bishop in particular.

The Prior's disgust at the Bishop's friendliness for Dissenters is only equalled by the feeling with which he regards his diocesan's respect for the opinions of churchwardens who, he says, are frequently nothing better than common Norwich tradesmen. The conclusion of his letter is in perfect keeping with the rest. "My Lord," he writes, "your office as a bishop of the Catholic Church I venerate and worship from my heart; but when the person who bears that office succumbs to a few ignorant people, and strives to drive me over to the Church of Rome, where you have already advised me to go, I am resolved, with God's help, to defend myself and the principles which the Church of England have taught me to the very last breath I breathe."

"Believe me, my Lord Bishop, with the deepest reverence for your sacred office, your obedient servant,

"IGNATIUS, O.S.B., Monk of the Church of England, Superior."

The discipline of the Church of England must be very lax when a deacon can address a letter of this kind to his bishop. There may be reasons why greater latitude should be allowed to the members of the clerical profession than any other, but in no other body of men under discipline could it be permitted. In the army or navy, it would be treated as mutiny. In the law, it would be contempt of court. In commerce, a similar tone, whether used by the subordinate of a merchant prince or a village shopkeeper, would be regarded as an affront, to be followed by immediate dismissal. In the Church of England, however, so many legal technicalities and difficulties impede the action of a bishop that the humblest deacon may flout his diocesan with impunity.

The remonstrances of his brother clergyman have had no more influence over Father Ignatius than the admonition and reproof of his diocesan. On more than one occasion, divers of the clergy have remonstrated with him, and attempted to prove to him how prejudicial it would be to the interest of the Protestant Church were such a parody of a monastic type to be introduced into the reformed religion. The Rev. William Darby, of St. Luke's, Manchester, invited Father Ignatius to a public discussion on the subject. The Father was, however, not so easily to be caught, and he positively refused the invitation, urging as an excuse that controversy engenders quarrels, bitterness, and strife, and is the mother of many hates and animosities. It is the weapon of Satan against the Word of God, as employed by the Protestants of the present century. Mr. Darby afterwards wrote a pamphlet on monks and nuns, in answer to Father Ignatius's two lectures on monastic institutions, but apparently without the slightest effect on the Benedictine. The argument and erudition of the learned rector of St. Luke's, Manchester, were thrown away upon Father Ignatius and his Benedictines.

A general impression is abroad that the Elm Hill Benedictine Monks are all men of great learning, who have been educated at one or other of the universities. This is by no means the fact. Father Ignatius is willing to receive eligible recruits from any quarter. Some of them were occupied in trade before they adopted the cowl and sandal. We were told that one of the unfortunate inebriates who got himself so soundly cursed by his Prior at Bristol, had been the commercial traveller of a house in the Norwich crape line. It is stated that since his excommunication, he has again taken to his former occupation, with no perceptible diminution of his cheerfulness. In his case, at least, the Father's maledictions have been singularly ineffective, for he is now pursuing his former avocation with credit and success. According to the best information we can obtain, his ears are filled with the praises of his own crape rather than the sound of his own cursing. His food is the usual provision made at the traveller's table, and every one knows that the commercial gentlemen fare better than the country squire who is dining in the next private room at three times the expense. As the habits of a man who has been cursed at bed and board by the first English Protestant Prior are of some importance, it may be stated that, while he does not object to the best of the domestic food,

he shows a preference for beef, and that his only "terror" is that which he shares in common with most Englishmen who hear of the ravages of the cattle plague. His "drink," we have it on unexceptionable authority, is not "grief," but "bitter beer," which appears to be anything but grief to him, particularly when thirsty, and during hot weather. After nightfall, he is observed to declare a preference for brandy-and-water, which he wisely takes "cold, without." Of the other delinquent monk over whom *Anathema maranatha!* has been said and sung, we regret to say we have no authentic information. We entertain no doubt, however, that his excommunication sits as lightly on his head as on that of his companion, and that the prevailing reflection in the mind of both is that they committed an act of egregious folly in joining the Benedictines.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

SCARCELY ever have even the Crystal Palace Concerts offered a more interesting occasion than that of Mr. Manns' benefit on Saturday last, when the music of Gounod's opera "*La Reine de Saba*" was produced; the text translated and adapted, under the title of "*Irene*," by Mr. Henry Farnie.

Although "*La Reine de Saba*," produced in Paris a few years after "*Faust*," formed a sort of anti-climax to the brilliant success of the last-named work, it yet contains much that may compare in merit with most of the music of "*Faust*." That Gounod will ever again achieve a success at all comparable to that which has attended his "*Faust*" we hold to be impossible. In that work he has thoroughly realized his capabilities; and not having that power—variety—which scarcely belongs to any but the higher order of genius, there will always be more or less of the sameness of the personality of the composer in his works. His music is occasionally highly dramatic in the expression of the passion or sentiment of the scene, but the tone and form of expression are similar, however unlike the situation and circumstances. Thus, for instance, the septet at the end of the second act of "*La Reine de Saba*" (the third act of "*Irene*"), reminds one, by its general rather than by any particular characteristics, of the duel scene in "*Faust*." But very few composers have possessed that quality of variety so essential to dramatic expression,—that power of infusing into music a strong individuality which shall identify it especially with the scene and situation to which it belongs. No composer has ever achieved this in so high a degree as Weber. The gipsy character which he has given to his "*Preciosa*" music; the wild, romantic supernaturalism of the "*Freischütz*;" the chivalric and courtly tone of "*Euryanthe*;" the Oriental pomp and fairy grace of "*Oberon*," are all so distinctly individual and appropriate that the music of one opera could not by possibility belong to another. For want of this faculty,—a rare one, we admit—Gounod, as already said, can scarcely ever again approach the great success of his "*Faust*;" although he may, and we trust will, produce much music which, like that of "*La Reine de Saba*," will be welcome from its exquisite grace and refined poetical sentiment, and the masterly skill and finish of its orchestral treatment. The small success which "*La Reine de Saba*" met with in Paris is easily accounted for by the monotony which is inevitably felt from the want of variety of character in a work extending through four long acts. Even as abridged in the Crystal Palace performance this was felt before the end; and if, as would appear from the adapted English text, it be contemplated to produce the work on our opera-stage, still further curtailments should be made; and instead of being divided into five acts, it would be well to reduce it to three. The alteration of the subject from the Biblical incident of the Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon has been very well effected by Mr. Farnie, who has substituted a Greek princess for the Queen of Sheba, and a Turkish sultan for the Jewish monarch; preserving the fictitious incidents of the French dramatists, Messrs. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, with great tact. With the compression of music and text just suggested, there is no reason why "*Irene*" should not meet with sufficient stage-success to justify its theatrical production,—much of the music being far too beautiful to be ignored. It is not an opera affording great opportunity for the solo singers, but few of the single pieces being of much account; perhaps the best are a graceful romance sung by Madame Louisa Vinning, and a cavatina for Irene (Madame Lemmens-Sherrington). The strength of the music lies in its choruses and concerted pieces, and the series of twelve charming dance-movements, a few only of which were given on Saturday, as they, of course, require the stage-accessories. Some of the choruses are exquisite in their melodious grace and refined delicacy,—especially that of Greek maidens, "*Fair the rose*," with its characteristic rhythm; the dialogue chorus for Turkish and Greek girls, "*O handmaid of Irene*;" and the chorus with dance, "*Trumpet blow, music flow*." The instrumental pageant music announcing the entry of the sultan and the princess is a gorgeous piece of orchestral effect worthy of Meyerbeer. The performance of "*Irene*" was excellent throughout: the principal singers being Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Louisa Vinning, D'Este Finlayson, Messrs. Cummings and Lewis Thomas; while the chorus-singing was such as is

seldom heard, except at the concerts of Mr. Henry Leslie, many members of whose choir were, we believe, engaged on this occasion. The orchestra, conducted as usual by Mr. Manns, was admirable for its efficiency. The occasion was a memorable one for the double opportunity afforded of hearing such charming music and recognising the merits of the excellent conductor who has done so much on this and many other occasions to raise and maintain the character of the Crystal Palace Concerts.

The third season of Opera di Camera was commenced by Mr. German Reed at the Gallery of Illustration on Monday, with two new works—an operetta ("*Widows Bewitched*"), composed by Miss Virginia Gabriel, and an adaptation of one of Offenbach's sparkling French trifles, "*Ching-Chow-Hi*." The first piece, the text by Mr. Hamilton Aidé, is a slight sketch, in which two men-forswearing widows of fashionable antecedents, are wooed from their retirement, and won, by two gallants under the disguise respectively of an abbé and a professor of languages, the latter of whom exhibits a series of unexpected accomplishments; the affair winding up with a mock duel between the two, which frightens the ladies into an avowal of their interest in the combatants. Miss Gabriel's music is generally pleasing and melodious; and, with its simple pianoforte accompaniment, well suited to drawing-room performance. A duet and a quartet were the most prominent pieces. The Chinese farce of M. Offenbach (capitally adapted by Messrs. W. Brough and German Reed), is a piece of rampant absurdity, in which reason and probability are thrown to the winds, and laughter excited in their despite. A Chinese emperor and members of his court turning out, one after the other, to be British (in the original, French) subjects, is tolerated because of the broad fun of the situations and the amusing gibberish which the characters use to each other in the attempt to pass for Chinese. M. Offenbach's music is so full of sprightliness and French piquancy of style and neatness of manner as to render his works far more welcome than many of much greater pretension. The music of "*Ching-Chow-Hi*" is sparkling and lively from beginning to end, with an incidental travesty of the conventional modern Italian style, which is as clever as it is humorous. Each of these little operas is admirably performed; Miss A. Thomson as the Marquise in the first, and the Chinese Maid of Honour in the second, acted and sang with great spirit and refinement. Miss Emily Pitt, as the second Widow in the first piece, was also thoroughly efficient. Mr. Whiffin, both as the Professor and the Chinese Mandarin, sang very expressively, and displayed marked improvement in his acting. Mr. Shaw was far more successful as the Chinese Emperor than as the French Abbé—in the second piece his humour was rich without being forced. Mr. Wilkinson, in the small part of a Chinese conspirator, looked most melodramatically fierce, and contributed the aid of his capital bass voice to the concerted music. Both pieces are capitally mounted. In the second, especially, the dresses and the cleverly painted scene of the Chinese Palace Gardens are worthy of all praise. The accompaniments to M. Offenbach's music are extended to the addition of a few orchestral instruments to the pianoforte which usually does duty for the "band" at this little establishment. Such sprightly music so capitally performed must attract visitors to the Gallery of Illustration.

The *Scotsman* announces the death of Mr. John Donaldson, Professor of the Theory of Music in the University of Edinburgh, at his country house, Marchfield, on Saturday, the 12th inst.

SCIENCE.

It would appear from what has recently been published upon the subject of non-explosive gunpowder, that the "protective method" of Mr. Gale, described in our last number, is not quite original. The system was tried on a large scale by M. Piobert, the well-known writer on gunpowder, in 1835, and by M. Fadiéeff, Professor of Chemistry at St. Petersburg, between 1840 and 1844. Sand was the material used by Piobert; not ordinary sand, which would be likely either to contain or absorb moisture, but sand in a chemically pure condition. The silica of the laboratory is not an absorbent body, while it would probably be found by experience that powdered glass would become absorbent. But Piobert used other substances which he preferred, partly because the gritty nature of sand presented an element of danger. He found that any of the constituents of gunpowder finely powdered produced the required end; and of the three components of this substance he preferred saltpetre, as it gave the best results experimentally. M. Fadiéeff tried a variety of substances, and ultimately gave the preference to a mixture of wood charcoal and mineral charcoal, which he considers to possess the valuable property of being unaffected by moisture. The principle of all the plans is the same. Gunpowder burns slowly or quickly in proportion as the distance between the individual grains is increased or diminished, because it is necessary to the explosion that the gases developed by one burning grain should pass rapidly around and between the adjacent particles. If the interstices are filled up with some foreign substance, in proportion to the quantity of that substance and to the completeness, so to speak, with which the pores of the gunpowder are closed, must the rapidity of ignition, and consequently the explosiveness of the gunpowder, be diminished. If enough of the substance be added, as in Mr. Gale's experiments, each grain being then actually separated and shut off from its neighbour, the powder

cannot burn at all. Piolet's researches showed that the powdered substance need not even be non-combustible; on the contrary, sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre gave better results than sand; indeed, finely-powdered gunpowder itself, introduced between the grains, will materially retard the explosive power of the mass.

In the course of a lecture delivered lately at the Royal Institution, Mr. Alexander S. Herschel described an interesting new form of fog-signal which has been devised by Mr. Henry T. Humphreys. The apparatus is proposed by its originator to be placed on dangerous rocks and shoals out at sea or upon headlands in great channels of communication subject to fogs. It consists of a large wrought-iron tank, and a tall tower, furnished with such contrivances that the action of the tide will ever cause it to utter a loud shriek such as is produced by a steam-whistle. These recurring screams made by the waves themselves would acquaint mariners of their proximity to danger both in the fogs and in the dark. Mr. Humphreys' invention appears to be both simple and useful, and we trust our Admiralty authorities may see fit to give it a fair and honest examination and trial.

At a late meeting of the French Academy, M. Pienkowski detailed some experiments which showed that meat salted with acetate of soda is easily dried, keeps an agreeable odour, and is also more easily unsalted than meat prepared with common salt. M. Demarquay, whose experiments upon the action of carbonic acid have been made upon himself and his pupils, arrives at several important conclusions regarding the poisonous action of this gas. Carbonic acid, he says:—1. Exercises an excitant action upon the surface of the skin, the effect being more marked according, as the skin is delicate, or extensively supplied with nerves; the perimal regions being especially the seat of this external action. 2. Insensibility of the skin is only produced when a continuous jet of the gas is allowed to play upon a limited portion of the external surface. 3. The general influence of the gas extends to the organs of sense, consequently marked excitation of the nervous system is observed. 4. It exercises a stimulant action, accompanied by a slight nervo-vascular excitation upon the digestive passages. 5. When injected into the veins it is largely absorbed, and rapidly eliminated if the operation is conducted with proper precaution; or it may act mechanically by producing a considerable distention of the cardiac cavities, and finally death. 6. When introduced into the body through the respiratory passages it does not produce those poisonous effects so often attributed to it. In fact, when it is administered at first, in the proportion of one-fifth, or even one-fourth, to four-fifths, or even three-fourths, of air or oxygen, mammals may breathe it for a long while without becoming seriously inconvenienced. In man, in the above proportions it produces little discomfort. 7. Most of the accidents which have been attributed to the action of carbonic acid are really due to the influence of carbonic oxide, sulphuretted hydrogen, alcoholic, and other vapours, &c. 8. Carbonic acid is not a poison, it is simply irrespirable, as is nitrogen or hydrogen. It simply prevents (when respired) the foul air of the blood from being exchanged for the vivifying oxygen which arterializes the vital fluid, and allows it to travel through the lungs.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS IN JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES.

In some recent articles we have briefly considered a few of the more important classes of joint-stock undertakings that have been submitted to the public, and their merits or demerits as a means of investment.

Our present remarks will apply generally to all classes of joint-stock companies in what is perhaps their most important relation to the investing public—viz., the liability attaching to their shareholders. The importance of this is too often lost sight of, and yet, excepting perhaps the losses arising from banking failures, scarcely any greater hardships have been inflicted on the affluent and saving classes of this country than have resulted from the failure of large corporate bodies, in the shares of which their savings or their fortunes were invested. This has been the case from the days of the South Sea and Darien schemes down to those of the Royal British Bank and the Western Bank of Scotland.

Prior to the Joint-Stock Companies Limited Liability Act becoming law in 1854, the consideration that the liability attaching to the shareholders of a corporate body was unlimited, so that any individual shareholder, in the event of the bankruptcy of the company in which he held however small a stake, could be made liable to the last penny of his fortune or means of subsistence, operated so as to deter all but a few adventurous and bold capitalists from becoming holders of shares. Consequently, up to within the last few years, the funds, railways, foreign loans, and a few other trusted securities were the only investments that found favour in the eyes of the trading community.

Upon the subversion of this state of things by the limitation

of liability under the Joint-Stock Companies Act, the public became infected by a mania for companies, which has been spreading ever since. At first, the various enterprises were conducted in a wholesome manner; by which we mean that a reasonable portion of the capital, say three-fourths of the whole amount, was paid up upon the shares, when a sufficient margin would still remain as security to persons having credit transactions with the company. It was fairly enough urged that these persons, in dealing with companies, the whole amount of whose shares was fully paid up, had little or no security in the event of the company's funds being absorbed by losses or other misfortunes. There was reason in this argument, but advantage has been taken of it in the most unwarrantable way. In but too many of the undertakings of the present day, a liability averaging from 60 to 90 per cent. attaches to the shareholders on the capital for which they have subscribed. An instance or two, which we quote as having come under our own notice, will serve to impress this forcibly on the minds of our readers. One of the favoured undertakings of last year was the Financial Corporation, Limited: its shares stood for a long time at a high premium; its directors and officers were considered men of high standing and position, and were believed to possess sound business ability and discretion. Within the last twelve months a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. was declared upon its shares, and large reserve funds carried forward; yet the undertaking is now in course of liquidation, its paid-up capital gone, and its available assets, we believe, insufficient to meet its liabilities. One of its shareholders held 1,500 shares, on which £1 had been paid, and there was a further liability of £19 per share; so that this gentleman might find himself liable for a further contribution of £28,500. Smith, Knight, & Co., Limited, is an undertaking formed to work the business of contractors formerly carried on by the firm whose name it has adopted: its shares likewise stood at a high premium within the last year, and it has also declared large dividends. There are £7 paid, with a further liability of £43 on each share. The directors have lately made calls to the extent of another £3 per share, and yet the shares are now quoted at a discount of more than the full amount paid up—being, in fact, offered gratis. We have heard of a gentleman holding 500 of these shares; so that, in addition to the £5,000 that he has already paid, or will have to pay, he is saddled with a further liability of £20,000. Several other shares now stand in the market in an equally unfortunate position. The Humber Iron Works: £50 shares, £15 paid up, are quoted at 15 discount. Thus they are not only of no value in the market, but have a liability of £35 per share also attaching to them. The Contract Corporation: £100 shares, with £7. 10s. paid, are quoted at 6 to 4 discount, the further liability being £92. 10s. per share.

Unfortunately, these are but instances which might be multiplied to an indefinite and hardly credible extent. We do not intend to reflect in any way on any of the undertakings we have named, but have merely quoted them as examples coming within our own cognizance, substantiated by the public market lists. It is quite within the range of possibility that undertakings of equal magnitude and renown to these may, by reason of the extent of their operations and want of ability in conducting them, sacrifice not only all their paid-up capital, but render themselves liable to such an extent as will require a great part of, or perhaps all, their subscribed capital contributed to make good their commitments. On reflection, it will be obvious that certain and absolute ruin would be entailed upon a large proportion of the shareholders in almost any undertaking by such a demand upon their resources.

From the existence of this state of things, and the feeling of distrust it engenders, coupled with the reckless manner in which it is now the custom to force companies on the market by the creation of fallacious premiums, we cannot but apprehend that a time is speedily approaching when the genuineness of every joint-stock company will be submitted to the most searching ordeal, which we believe only those which have a legitimate business conducted on sound principles will survive.

To remedy the existing state of things, it is absolutely necessary for the future protection of the community, that not more than from at least one-half to one-third of the amount of the subscribed capital on shares shall remain, unless under special circumstances, uncalled. Such an exception would be the case, for instance, of an established company having a large uncalled capital, but not trading beyond its paid-up capital.

It is also imperative that shareholders should look to the capabilities of their directors and officers. It was generally considered that a good board of directors, composed of men of position and well known in commercial circles, was a criterion

of success; and that they would exercise the proper amount of scrutiny and vigilance on the business transacted for their own sakes, and for the sake of their co-proprietors. But, speaking generally, this belief has altogether broken down, and boards of directors have become confessedly a failure. The better known the names, the less worthy too often have been the services rendered, and the more have the accepted duties been neglected. Such directors as these, though of no great use, did comparatively little harm. Harm was, however, done in many cases by men who obtained seats on boards to serve their own purposes quite irrespective of the company's welfare. Such men the annals of joint-stock enterprise within the past-year or two have proved to be by no means scarce. Failing the directors, the company should, before everything, weigh well the choice of its officers. Where these are men of tried experience, integrity, and independence, the prosperity of the concerns whose affairs they administer may be safely predicted; but where men are, through the interest of directors, or to serve a purpose, placed in positions which their knowledge and previous experience do not qualify them to fill with capability and credit, the result is as certainly failure and disgrace. We contend, therefore, that the managers, secretaries, and solicitors appointed to conduct the affairs of companies, are the real criterion of their success.

The object of directors consequently should be, first to appoint proper officers, and then to look to them to carry out the company's business satisfactorily, the directors, in fact, exercising the part of judicious overseers over their operations. A few gentlemen would perform these functions quite as well as the large boards that now profess to do so. It is true, we sometimes see men in the very first ranks of the commercial world at the head of some of our large undertakings, really and earnestly devoting time and attention to their affairs. But these gentlemen unless they give their whole time to the companies over which they preside require able officers under them, and so form no exception to our rule.

The Stock Exchange Committee might also act, to a certain extent, as scrutineers for the public as to the merits of many of the companies introduced, but being governed by fixed and known rules, it cannot object to them if its rules are complied with. Too often this apparent compliance is a mere delusion, to which members of the Stock Exchange contribute in no small degree.

It comes, then, to this, that the public have to judge for themselves of the merits of investments submitted to their notice, and it seems to us they should carefully avoid such as have a large liability attaching to their shares, paying no attention to the statements put forward that it is not intended to call up more than a certain sum per share; or, if they do invest in such concerns, they should bear in mind that they may at any time be called upon for the amounts remaining unpaid upon their shares. The undesirability of keeping large sums in reserve to meet contingencies in this respect is apparent, and therefore we recommend to investors only such undertakings as have a small portion of their capital uncalled—to those with whose working they may themselves be acquainted—or to such others as by their business and management furnish a warranty of success. In such only does liability cease to be a bugbear and become really "limited."

CAPTAIN JERVIS AND THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE Directors of the Great Eastern have replied to the pamphlet in which Captain Jervis arraigned them for mismanagement of the affairs of the Company; and it is but fair to say that they bring a very heavy accusation against him which renders it probable that he is not the most agreeable of co-directors, and also that his charges against them arise as much from personal pique as from devotion to the interests of the shareholders.

Still, to some extent, they admit the truth of some of his complaints—especially those which relate to their having exceeded their borrowing powers, to their charging the interest upon some new works to capital instead of income, and some others. Practically they admit his case for a committee of investigation. He seems to have been guilty of high-handed and very arbitrary conduct with reference to the Harwich steam-packet service, and to have completely ignored and violated the authority of the Board of Directors in order to favour his own and Mr. Kelk's prospects of re-election for Harwich. But that issue is quite distinct from the charges he has brought against them, and to some of which they confess. It is true that at the same time that they admit the illegality of some of their proceed-

ings, they attempt to justify them. But this is hazardous work. On the whole, the case is clearly one for investigation by a committee of shareholders, and the dispute cannot be satisfactorily closed without its being submitted to that ordeal.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is $25\cdot22\frac{1}{2}$ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is nearly two-tenths per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is $108\frac{1}{4}$ to $108\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. At this rate there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

In Colonial Government Securities, Canada 5 per Cents. were dealt in at $85\frac{3}{4}$ 4; Mauritius 6 per Cents. (1873), 104; New Brunswick 6 per Cents., 96; New South Wales 5 per Cents. (1871-6), $94\frac{3}{4}$; do. (1888-92), $90\frac{1}{2}$; Queensland 6 per Cents., $102\frac{1}{4}$; Victoria 6 per Cents. (January and July), 101; do. (April and October), $110\frac{9}{16}$.

In Foreign Stocks an advance has taken place, especially Spanish Bonds, the Deferred and Passive Stocks, and the Certificates. Italian Five per Cents. have also been firmer, and a partial recovery has taken place in Mexican. Russian and Brazilian descriptions have likewise met with a better inquiry. Portuguese Bonds have been rather depressed, and the Anglo-Turkish Loans of 1854 and 1858 are quoted lower. The New Five per Cent. Conversion Scrip is unaltered at $6\frac{1}{2}$ discount.

Very few transactions have occurred in the shares of the financial companies, and quotations show no variation of importance, being as follows:—International Financial, $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ prem.; General Credit, $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ prem.; London Financial, $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ prem., ex. div.; Imperial Mercantile Credit, 15-16 to 7-16 prem.; and Credit Foncier and Mobilier, $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ prem.

The biddings for bills on India took place on Wednesday at the Bank of England. The proportions allotted were—To Calcutta, 16,93,000 rupees (£169,300); to Madras, nil; and to Bombay, 9,70,000 rupees (£97,000). The minimum price was as before—viz., 1s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. on Calcutta and Madras; and 1s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. on Bombay. Tenders on Calcutta at 1s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. will receive about 30 per cent., and on Bombay, at 1s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., about 80 per cent. Above these prices in full.

Reuter's Telegram Company advertise that they are ready to issue debentures to the amount of £35,000, for two and four years; for the first-named period at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, and the last-named 6 per cent. The debentures will be of £20, £50, and £100; the interest being payable half-yearly, on the 1st of September and 1st of March.

The report of the Eagle Insurance Company, London, for the year ending 30th June, 1865, has been issued by the directors. It appears that the total income of the year is £424,439. 7s. 1d., and the total charge £373,551. 7s. The surplus fund amounts to £678,964. 12s. 1d. An extraneous profit was made last year of £17,500. This year £15,700 has been similarly realized.

A company has been established to purchase, carry on, and extend the Fine Art, Copper and Steel Plate Printing business of Messrs. McQueen Brothers, Tottenham Court-road, under the title of McQueen Brothers, Limited. The capital is £150,000, in 15,000 shares of £10 each. A dividend of 10 per cent. per annum for the first five years is guaranteed to the shareholders.

With reference to the Russian Ironworks Company, it appears that measures are to be taken to enforce the return of the deposits on the ground of the variance of the prospectus with the articles of association.

It has been announced by the General Credit and Finance Company of London that the conversion and unification of the internal debts of the Ottoman empire will be carried on at Constantinople by the Société Générale de l'Empire Ottoman.

The subjoined report with reference to the market for American securities is extracted from the circular of Mr. E. F. Satterthwaite:—"We have to report a very considerable business in American securities in the London market during the past week, confined almost entirely to United States 5-20 Bonds, Illinois, and Erie shares. United States 5-20's have fluctuated between 67 to 68, until to-day, when an active demand sprung up for the Continent, and they improved to 68 $\frac{1}{2}$. Erie shares have been steadily declining, the quotation from to-day is ex div. Illinois remain steady. A large business has been done in Atlantic and Great Western Eight per Cent. Debentures from $85\frac{1}{2}$ to $86\frac{1}{2}$, the continued receipt of remittances on account of interest being considered a satisfactory feature."

BANKS OF ISSUE.—A return in reference to banks of issue has been made to the order of the late House of Commons. It gives particulars of the actual and authorized amount of circulation in each of the private and joint-stock banks in the kingdom on the 1st of January in each year since 1856. On the 1st of January, 1865, the private banks of England and Wales, of which there were 17, had an authorized circulation of £4,212,846, and an actual circulation of £2,958,824. The joint-stock banks of England and Wales, numbering 59, had an authorized circulation of £3,226,257, and an actual circulation of £2,655,893. The banks of Scotland were 12 in number on the 1st of January, and had an authorized circulation of £2,794,271, and an actual of £1,299,186. The banks of issue in Ireland numbered six, and they had an authorized circulation of £6,354,494, and an actual circulation of £5,698,375 on the 1st of January last. Several of the banks of issue existing in January, 1865, have since come to an end, some by bankruptcy, and some by being incorporated with other banks. The particulars of these incidents are recorded in the return.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE GRAMMAR OF ORNAMENT.*

THE art of ornament design has suffered even more than the higher forms of art in sculpture and painting from the propensity to imitate certain examples long accepted as models, instead of endeavouring to create anew while influenced and inspired by those patterns of excellence. It is distinctive of all art that it must idealize and originate: its highest function is to create, and not merely to reproduce; and in proportion as it fails in this life-like energy, it degenerates, and becomes degraded towards the level of mechanical work. Thus we look with extreme delight and admiration at the ornaments which the Greeks invented from the flower of the honeysuckle, the leaf of the acanthus, the bead-string, or the simple egg and tongue moulding, enriching the pure forms of their architecture; but when these ornaments are clumsily copied, in every possible error of proportion, and with no sort of fitness of application, as they are in nearly all modern classical ornaments, the taste is disgusted at seeing that which was originally beautiful and classic become vulgar in the extreme. Yet our ornamentalists and our architects take their stand upon the great examples, and insist that they have followed them. The truth is, that, far from this, they have rarely succeeded even in perceiving the beauty of the antique, much less in reproducing it in those specimens of modern antique to be found amongst our public buildings. The same remark applies, with almost equal aptness, to those too abundant Byzantine and Gothic revivals which every small architect now prides himself on producing as works in those styles, when in fact they are generally but the grossest caricatures. Reproduction as an inferior grade of art may be permissible and praiseworthy enough, but, unless it be perfect, it is simply vile and debasing. The ornament after the antique, such as the Roman carvers of the Lower Empire, passed off upon their wealthy patrons, was much about the same article of commerce as we see, for example, in the ornament and painted decorations of our British Museum, which are most unworthy. In a style where less of the ideal was demanded, and more of direct imitation of Nature was acceptable, as in the Italian Renaissance, our architects and their artist workmen have come nearer to the excellence of such models as the noble old palaces of Venice, Rome, and Florence. There has of late, it is a satisfaction to observe, been a vast improvement in the sculptural ornament employed in the façades of the clubs and in many of the buildings recently erected by public companies in the City, though here we have to congratulate ourselves more on the feeling for ornament and the merit of the workmanship than on the excellence of the taste displayed in the general distribution of it as an element of architecture—a quality in which it is not difficult to see that our architects are terribly deficient, and one which they would admit is above all exemplified in the ornamental art of the Ancients, as well as in the Mediæval and the Renaissance which modern revivalists so especially affect. A very general fault in all modern ornament is the overloading it upon every part of a building, a room, or an article of furniture: anything like repose, or that half-concealed beauty which often gives such charm to old work, seems never to enter the thoughts of a modern ornamentalist; he appears to be penetrated with the same spirit of incontinent display that pervades this sumptuous age. On no point is the author of the important work before us more firm and clear in his enunciation of the principles which should guide in the employment of ornament, and perhaps no one is better qualified to pronounce. He says:—"Although ornament is most properly only an accessory to architecture, and should never be allowed to usurp the place of structural features, or to overload or to disguise them, it is in all cases the very soul of an architectural monument. By the ornament of a building we can judge more truly of the creative power which the artist has brought to bear upon the work. The general proportions of a building may be good, the mouldings may be more or less accurately copied from the most approved models; but the very instant that ornament is attempted, we see how far the architect is at the same time the artist. It is the best measure of the care and refinement bestowed upon the work. To put ornament in the right place is not easy; to render that ornament at the same time a superadded beauty, and an expression of the intention of the whole work, is still more difficult." Unfortunately, the ornamentation of a building is practically left to other hands; the details are often manufactured and applied without the least taste or consideration of the work as a whole; and the architect either submits in despair if he knows better, or more frequently makes the mistake of supposing that his building cannot be spoiled by the bad ornament. So long as the present practice exists amongst architects, of accepting ready-made ornament, and leaving the ornamentation of their works to decorators who are not qualified, except as executants, it is not to be expected that fine buildings will arise, or that we shall escape from the long routine of borrowed styles and copied adornments. The excuse is constantly made that a new style of architecture is wanted, and that with it would come a new style of ornament; but, allowing this, it is true that the exhibitions of our architects show no sign either of the one or the other. Mr. Owen Jones suggests, and we think with much insight into true principles, that the invention of new ornament is the direction from which is to be expected the discovery of a new style of architecture; and that, if "a new termination to a means of support," in other words a capital to a column, could be arrived at, one of the most difficult points would be accomplished.

To what sources, then, are we to look for new ideas in ornamental art, seeing that, since the era of the Renaissance, which brought a new version and new combination of the old classical forms, there has been nothing but repetition and variations of the same types? We naturally inquire whether there are no first principles, and whether all beauty of form is not founded upon certain primitive elements of beauty, at once inherent in natural forms of growth, and in accord with the senses destined to perceive this beauty. We find it laid down as propositions for the student in this "Grammar of Ornament," that "all ornament should be based upon a geometrical construction;" that "every assemblage of forms should be arranged in certain definite proportions—the whole and each particular member should be a multiple of some simple unit;" that "harmony of form consists in the proper balancing and contrast of the straight, the inclined, and the curved;" that "all lines should flow out of a parent stem;" and, finally, that there are three great laws observable in nature and in the ornament of the Greeks, who worked on the same principles, viz.:—"1, radiation from a parent stem; 2, proportionate distribution of the areas; and 3, the tangential curvature of the lines." These may suffice for most practical purposes; but a great deal more remains to be said on the side of ornament as a means of expression, which is but slightly dealt with in the work before us. The author refers to the defect of Greek ornament in wanting "one of the great charms which should always accompany it—symbolism." Greek ornament was applied, not constructed; the Corinthian capital could be deprived of its acanthus leaves, and remain a capital; but the Egyptian column and capital, formed of the clustered lotus plant and flowers, is wholly an ornament, and to remove any portion would be to destroy it. We should add, also, that the genius of Gothic ornament appeals to the mind by its symbolism more than to the eye by its symmetrical beauty, which is generally less considered. Another extensive range of ornamental art, it would be difficult to bring under the rule of the propositions above quoted. We refer to the use of the human figure as an architectural ornament in the caryatide, adopted with the most impressive and grand effect by the ancient Egyptians and Greeks, as well as by the great men of the Renaissance. The figure is seen in various other minor positions for the purposes of ornamental expression, as well as the similar employment of animal forms so beautifully introduced by the Italian and French artists of the cinquecento time. These are points which concern more the æsthetics of ornamentation, and may fairly, perhaps, be excluded from a grammar of the art. Recurring to the subject of primitive ornament, we observe that Mr. Owen Jones devotes a long and extremely interesting chapter to the ornament of savage tribes, giving many very remarkable drawings of the really beautiful designs which the New Zealanders and the other islanders of the Pacific carve upon their war-clubs, paddles, and canoes, and tattoo upon the faces of their chiefs. An extraordinary instinct for beauty of form seems to be evident in all this barbaric ornament: some of the carving is pronounced "to rival works of the highest civilization; there is not a line upon its surface misapplied. The general shape is most elegant, and the decoration everywhere the best adapted to develop the form." Mr. Owen Jones considers that the patterns may generally be traced to the forms which are taken by the strands in a rope, and the plaits in the mats and other simple articles made by these primitive people. It is clear, however, that they worked by a natural instinct for selecting certain forms; this is seen in the use of the triangular and diamond-shaped stamps, with which they ornament their cloths, and which are frequently composed into stars of different shapes. Perhaps in this instinct may be detected the correlative of the proposition that all ornament is based on geometrical form: it is certainly most remarkable that the work of these untaught savages should be pronounced almost faultless; while we, with all our schools of design, are unable to satisfy any of the higher requisites of art.

In the last chapter of this work, which refers to the lessons to be derived from the study of plant form, of which there are no less than ten elaborate drawings from nature, the author insists upon the necessity for observing "the principles which regulate the arrangement of form in nature," and argues strongly against the "attempt to imitate the absolute forms; true art consisting in idealizing, and not copying the forms of nature." Here is attacked the great vice which besets the modern artist, whether he be a sculptor, painter, or ornamentalist. They think that, because we, as well as themselves, are wearied with the round of repetition and conventionalities, it is only necessary to "go to nature," as the phrase is, to produce new things of beauty; and thus we have a surfeit of copies from nature, not one of which possesses the slightest natural charm.

"We have already," says Mr. Owen Jones, "in the floral carpets, floral papers, and floral carvings of the present day, sufficient evidence to show that no art can be produced by such means; and that, the more closely nature is copied, the further we are removed from producing a work of art." Nature is the great teacher in all art; but her work must be understood, not imitated. As the sculpture of the antique and the works of the great painters are examples to be followed for their intellectual treatment of natural forms, so the ornamentalist must endeavour to create for himself, guided by his sense of the symmetry and harmony, the uniformity and diversity, that pervade all nature.

This is the chief lesson enforced in the present important work, and it is borne out by a collection of the most beautiful examples of every phase of art, in a manner far more exhaustive

* The Grammar of Ornament. By Owen Jones. London: Day & Son.

and perfect than has ever been done or attempted before. The whole design of this grammar of ornament is due to Mr. Owen Jones, and to that accomplished architect and student of art we are indebted for the first clear enunciation of the general principles in the arrangement of form and colour in architecture and the decorative arts, which form so valuable a part of the work. The essays on the Byzantine and the Renaissance are contributed by Mr. Waring and Mr. Digby Wyatt, and on the Celtic by Mr. Westwood, who have made specialities of the subjects. The work is altogether one that we may be justly proud of as a contribution of the utmost value and interest to the world of art, worthy to be compared with the most costly national undertakings of the kind produced by the Governments of France and Germany.

TIME AND SPACE.*

WE confess to have been slightly overpowered by the title and first glance of Mr. Hodgson's volume. In any metaphysical work we were prepared for long disquisitions on one of the main problems of that philosophy. The various questions relating to our ideas of "Time and Space" are among the most interesting, as well as the most obscure, of those set before us in metaphysics, and upon few subjects has so great a variety of opinions been entertained by thinkers of every age. We were, however, not quite prepared for a massive volume of five hundred and eighty-eight octavo pages devoted to the solution of this single problem of "Time and Space." Life seemed too short, and science too long, to allow of handling one fraction of metaphysics at such length. In no greater dimensions, if we mistake not, Kant had digested his "Critique of Pure Reason," and Mr. John Stuart Mill had encountered and overthrown all the leading doctrines of Sir William Hamilton. Mr. Hodgson's essay was certainly beautifully got up; the type was admirable, the binding peculiarly chaste, the pill excellently gilded; but our first impressions led us, for all that, to think it a pill, beneficial, it might prove, for our intellectual health, but difficult to swallow, requiring no small time and effort to digest. Should other readers be similarly affected in taking up "Time and Space," we must ask them not to be carried away too far by their first impressions; their feelings, we can assure them, will be much relieved by a perusal of the "Metaphysical Essay." Not that it is anywhere light reading—neither metaphysics in general, nor Mr. Hodgson's in particular, can ever be that; but the volume before us contains a great deal more than mere speculations on "Time and Space." These two elements of thought hold a very important position in the somewhat peculiar view which Mr. Hodgson takes of the outward and inward world, and our relation to both; but he has a great deal to say on most other questions in metaphysics, and he has said it with an originality, with a vigour, and with an earnestness, which cannot but recommend to public notice a hitherto unknown, and (if we are not deceived) rather a youthful, metaphysician.

By "metaphysics," nowadays, is generally meant one of two things: either the science of pure existence, ontology; or the science of mind, psychology. Our author, however, is disposed to give it a province separate from either of these. Deep as he appears to have drunk of the German metaphysicians, Mr. Hodgson is no ontologist: the origin of the world and of consciousness, the genesis of existence, of motion, of feeling—all such questions he puts aside as beyond the domain and pretensions of metaphysics. Neither again is it to be confounded with psychology, from which it differs in its object-matter. Psychology deals with the mind, or consciousness, in relation to the bodily organs, which are its seat; metaphysics, on the contrary, has to do with mind only in relation to its objects. Existence, as an object of thought, is its true province; to analyse, to reduce to their simplest elements, the workings of consciousness, is the one only purpose of what Mr. Hodgson calls "the applied logic of the universe." Ever since the time of Descartes, it may be said, metaphysics have been tending to become more and more subjective: the question has no longer been "what objects are," but what they are known as; its analysis has not been carried into the outer but the inner world; it has been drawing further and further away from ontology, and nearer and nearer to the more kindred "psychology." It is accordingly this aspect of "metaphysics," as the subjective theory of the universe, which, in the eyes of our author, invests it with its true value as the key to the significance of both objects and their laws; "and even the special empirical sciences converge to it as a common centre, which connects them as a whole, and also, in pointing out their material and formal elements, completes them as special sciences."

Metaphysics, then, being the analysis of consciousness, what, on examination, are discovered to be the simplest elements of the latter? "Time and Space," replies our author. The world of existence we know only as an object of consciousness, and we are unable to present or represent any object or any feeling to our consciousness, except under these forms of "time and space." Consciousness, in fact, may be best defined as "feeling in time and space;" feeling is its material element—"time and space" are its formal constituents. The former, though a necessary and universal element, offers no criterion for distinguishing one phenomenon from another, for it is the same in all phenomena alike; whereas time and space are not only immediately and ineradicably certain—not only are they universally present in all

phenomena, and the same in all objects, however different—but they are also capable of being known and defined, while feeling, from its very nature, is incapable of analysis. Hence the primary elements of time and space become the common basis or bond of union between all other cognitions, and form the starting-point and corner-stone of philosophy. As to the origin of our cognition of time and space, Mr. Hodgson puts forth some interesting speculations. If in his doctrine of the co-extension of thought and existence, on which so much stress is laid, our author seems to incline to the idealist school, in his theories on the origin of our sensations and cognitions he appears to lean more to the materialists. That we have time and space in our perceptions, he is disposed to ascribe to the constitution of the nervous matter: the particular size and figure of objects may naturally be supposed to arise from the nature of the objects themselves; but Mr. Hodgson thinks it not improbable "that objects appear in consciousness as extended not only because they have extension themselves, but partly because the nervous matter has extension; that they appear as having duration partly because the nervous matter as well as the objects has duration." We are not prepared to accept this novel and ingenious view, at the same time that we feel ourselves hardly qualified to deny it *in toto*. It is, after all, a question almost as much for physiologists as for metaphysicians, and we hope it may attract the attention of Mr. Herbert Spencer or of some one equally fitted to establish or overthrow it.

One of the most interesting portions of our author's essay is a contribution which he makes to the further clearing up of the "Laws of Association." Even those who are least metaphysically disposed can hardly be otherwise than curious as to the way in which one thought leads to another; or (in philosophical language) as to what are the "laws of change from one state of consciousness to another." To many of our readers these laws, as they have been laid down by Sir William Hamilton and others, are familiar; as Causation, Resemblance, Contiguity in Time and Space, and so on. But, as Mr. Hodgson acutely remarks, these laws do not explain why we prefer one to another; on what grounds association, for example, by contrast comes to some minds more frequently than association by resemblance. To answer this and other difficulties, our author propounds a theory of "spontaneous redintegration," which derives a very probable result from a very striking and subtle analysis. The determining link, according to his view, which connects one object with another in mental representation, is some form of interest or pleasure. Why, for instance, is music, sunshine, &c., associated with cheerfulness? Why is storm, darkness, &c., associated with melancholy? The common answer would go only so far as to state that they were suitable to each other,—a suitability, however, of which there is no proof, beyond the fact of the accompaniment. The true answer, as Mr. Hodgson points out, is, that the pleasure or interest we take in such objects is greater when we are in these moods than when we are in any other, and this interest or pleasure is the motive or efficient cause of their redintegration. We give another illustration in Mr. Hodgson's own words:—

"This analysis accounts for the balance between habit and interest. People who have few or weak interests are decided predominantly in their redintegrations by habits; those who have many or powerful interests have redintegrations of more variety and more apparent originality. Interest is the source of what is called character. What a man's character is depends on his interests; that is, on what he habitually takes pleasure in, or the habitual trains of his spontaneous associations, and derivatively from those of his voluntary associations. If I know what he habitually takes an interest in, I can predict what the character of his associations will be, and know what his character is. But interests, if at once few and powerful, have a tendency to coincide with habit; for then they both run in the same groove: it becomes a habit to feel certain interests; and the same series of redintegrations revolves day after day, unless the objects of presentation are unusually new and various, as, for instance, in travelling. Old age brings with it a lessening of the number of interests, and of the intensity of many that remain; consequently, it also brings an increasing domination of habits; and this the rather if the interests that remain are few and powerful."

There is one other point which Mr. Hodgson appears to us to have handled in a very masterly way—one, we may add, on which metaphysical speculation has often gone to wreck. The conceptions of the Deity usually furnished by metaphysicians are not of a nature to lay religion under heavy obligations to that philosophy. Leibnitz's "monad of monads," or Spinoza's "hidden substance of extension and thought," and many similar definitions of God, are not likely to recommend the adoration of Him to mankind. We confess that, from our author's general point of view respecting time and space as the formal limits of existence, we had not expected him to furnish us with anything on this head more satisfactory than the incomprehensible entities noticed above. We will do him the justice to say that it is very much otherwise. We wish we could lay before our readers his analysis of the idea of God into the union of the ideas of Love, power, and knowledge in a single object—and that a personal object—of the religious consciousness. The last chapter of the essay containing this view and others based upon it appears to us the most valuable portion of our author's work. We cannot speak too highly of the spirit and tone in which the bearing of metaphysics on religion is treated of; and there are, we imagine, few thinkers of the calibre of our author who sit down to give their views to the public in the spirit indicated by the following declaration:—"If I thought that this system narrowed and circumscribed the religious feelings and aspirations, or the

* Time and Space. A Metaphysical Essay. By Shadworth H. Hodgson. London: Longman & Co.

spiritual nature, of man, I should be the first to admit that it could not possibly be true." We cannot conclude without expressing a hope that the difficulty of the subject, the length of its treatment, and the occasional obscurity of Mr. Hodgson's style, will not deter readers from examining this metaphysical essay. One reason why our author is hard to follow is, we believe, in the want of summaries at the beginning or end of chapters, gathering up what has been said, and connecting it with the general scope of the argument. Marginal notices are a very poor substitute for these, and, though the writer may not need them for himself, it is his business, as well as his interest, to consider the needs of his readers more than his own. Mr. Hodgson is a loving student of Aristotle: he will do well to take a hint, in the respect of connecting the threads of chapters, from the "maestro di color che sanno."

VACATION TOURS.*

WE have read Mr. Jones's little book with a great deal of pleasure. It does not pretend to tell us much that we did not know before. It does not deal with any "out of the way" country, or contain any narratives of break-neck ascents or hair-breadth escapes. It does not affect to discover any particularly novel features in well-known scenes. It is exactly what it is said to be, —a description of "the regular Swiss round"—the round which is annually taken, either in whole or in part, by hundreds of tourists, and every locality in which is as familiar as a household word to all who know much about Switzerland or take any great interest in that country. But it is written so naturally and unaffectedly, with so keen and healthy a sense of enjoyment, with so warm an appreciation of the beauties of the scenery, yet with such entire good sense, and such a complete absence of the fine, the "graphic," or the gushing styles of composition, that it is impossible not to enjoy the author's account of his holiday trips almost as much as he evidently enjoyed them himself. We scarcely know any book from which a good general idea of the most frequented parts of the country may be more agreeably gathered by those who do not care to make a minute study of the subject; and, although it will not of course serve—and is not meant to serve—as a guide in actual travel, it will be found very useful in laying out a programme by those who are setting off for a commonplace tour in Switzerland, or, as a friend of Mr. Jones's describes it, "no climbing—no romance—beaten track—procession of Cockneys."

Mr. Jones did not "do" the regular round in one trip. His little book is an account of the vacation rambles of three years. The first expedition is the most hackneyed; but, in spite of that, it is one of inexhaustible interest, from the beauty and grandeur of the scenery it embraces. Notwithstanding the big hotel on the top, the crowds of tourists, and the noisy *table-d'hôte*, no one should ever omit to make, and no one will ever regret making, the ascent of the Righi. There are, perhaps, finer mountain panoramas in the Alps, but there is no finer combination of lake and mountain scenery. The Lake of Lucerne is the finest lake in Europe—perhaps in the world. Others may be larger, but they are none the better for that; while the grandeur of the Bay of Uri is unrivalled, so far as we are aware. From the Lake of Lucerne our travellers made their way up the St. Gothard as far as Hospenthal; across the Furca to the Grimsel; thence by Meyringen, Rosenlauri, Grindelwald, and the Wengern Alp, to Interlachen. After a visit to Thun, we cross the Gemmi, look on at those curious baths at Leukerbad, where people soak amicably together for six or eight hours a day, and then make our way to Zermatt. Like everybody else, Mr. Jones was immensely struck with the last-mentioned place, which has lately acquired so melancholy an interest for us. We will allow him to describe it for himself, and also to give us his impression of the "mighty climbers" of the Alpine Club whom he met there:—

"Certainly there is no place in the Alps from which a wilder set of walks could be taken than from Zermatt. It stands near the junction of three valleys, each with its characteristic glacier. Monte Rosa looks down upon it from one side, the Matterhorn from another; between these and around them, rises a crowd of mountain-tops, whose snows and ice are threaded by those trackless routes which lie among the higher Alps—passes which show with tempting accuracy on the map, but which must be found and followed not by the steps of those who have used them, but by compass and landmarks like the sailor's course at sea—paths which have been trodden for years upon years, but in which the drifting snow ever fills the print of feet, and makes the latest traveller as cautious as the first.

"Beyond the range of glaciers and peaks which hem Zermatt in, lies Italy; just over the sharp snow edge, you look upon a land of vineyards and olive-trees, mellowing in the sun—while here, in wintry Zermatt, scarce a blade of wheat will ripen.

"One of the great recommendations of the place is the variety of excursions it provides for those who do not affect much walking. Ladies can ride easily right into the centre of the wildest Alpine scenery, and see themselves surrounded by glaciers, while they sit in the saddle. At the same time the devoted climber may be practised in the highest training, and inspired with the daily presence of Mount Cervin, which no one has ever ascended; on whose hard head no foot of man or chamois ever stood; around whose base, and up to whose

very shoulders, wistful baffled mountaineers have groped and fussed year after year in vain. Zermatt is the head-quarters of the Alpine Club—I speak unofficially; we found several of them at the hotel—men who came to Switzerland season after season to climb. But it struck me that they were very much 'done.' No doubt they astonished the natives themselves. There was no nonsense about them. They were not only skilled in the principles of ice-work, but had considerable local acquaintance with the peculiarities of different glaciers. They were keen-eyed, clear-headed, supple-sinewed; but I repeat it, they looked 'done' with the work.

"J., P., and I had walked nine or ten hours the day we arrived, and when the dinner-hour drew near were by no means displeased at the smell of cooking being perceptible all over the house. And when the bell rang for the guests to sit down, we were there at once. Not so, I noticed, several of these Alpine gentlemen—they dawdled in. They were 'off their feed.' One left the table after tumbling a mutton-chop about his plate, and went to bed; another was so bruised on the hands, he could not cut his meat."

From Zermatt Mr. Jones crossed the easy glacier pass of the St. Theodule, and descended into the Vale of Aosta. He did not ascend the Becca di Nona, a mistake which ought not to be committed by those who follow him. The summit may be gained with perfect ease, and there is no other point from which the whole chain of the Pennine Alps can be seen to equal advantage. As a further inducement to stay at Aosta (which is just opposite the mountain), we may mention the fact that it has one of the best and most comfortable inns in Switzerland, kept by an ex-guide named Jean Tairraz, and, as the advertisements say, "perfectly replete" with all those comforts which English travellers particularly appreciate. But we must get on. From Aosta we diverge to the monastery of St. Bernard, and, returning thence, proceed by Cormayeur and the Col de Bonhomme to Chamouni, winding up with the Lake of Geneva, and a few days in the beautiful valley of Les Ormonds—not by any means a bad summer's "out" for those who like mountains, but don't care about climbing them.

In the second trip, Mr. Jones again struck Switzerland at Basle, and made his way to Meyringen. There he witnessed a "Schwing-feste," or wrestling-match, between the men of Hasli and Unterwalden. It is held on a high Alp between the valleys to which the rival champions belonged. The Hasli men sat on one side of the arena, and the Unterwalden men on the other:—

"There was no Englishman present but myself. The whole affair was a genuine one, and quite unlike some which are occasionally got up for show in places where tourists resort. The chatter of the crowds soon ceased, and the rulers of the games brought forward the first two pair of wrestlers. They wore their ordinary shirts and trousers, but over these last they put on very strong drawers, by the waistband of which each man held his opponent. None wore any shoes. There was perfect silence when the first pair came together. Each washed his arms with white wine, shook hands, knelt down, laid hold of the waistband of his adversary before and behind, and tried to turn him on his back. It was a sullen, graceless exhibition as long as the men remained thus writhing on their knees, but occasionally, when they rose to their feet, there was an exciting struggle. All was conducted with fairness and propriety. Whenever a champion was victorious, his friends on the bank yelled applause; and then he went round among them with a hat, and got a heap of coppers. There was no sport but the wrestling; no races, leaping, or hurling. Pair after pair came down into the grass-plot and tugged at their respective waistbands. Some of the men were well built, and showed remarkably muscular forearms. I noticed this to a German gentleman who sat by me on the grass, and spoke English well. 'Ah,' said he, 'that is caused by milking: when a man milks for hours every day he gets such a bundle of muscles as you see.'

"There was only one really fine figure among the wrestlers, and he was apparently the best man on the Unterwalden side, for they kept him to the last. The Hasli representative was a clumsy, round-shouldered fellow, but with an ominously dogged look, and limbs like a cart-horse. He walked up with a straw in his mouth; and the excitement of the day rose to its highest pitch when this pair were locked in silent grapple. Three times they hugged and spent their breath, being obliged to unclasp without an inch of gain on either side. Then the Unterwalden champion lost his temper, and, the umpires coming forward, forbade him to try again. I never saw a man in such a rage. He shook like one in a fit, and it took four of his friends to keep him down. He tried, among other things, to throw his boots at his rival—so fierce was his resentment."

From Meyringen, after making the ascent of the Titlis, Mr. Jones visited the Eggischorn district and tried the ascent of the Aletschhorn, but was driven back by a snowstorm. Crossing the Simplon to Domo d'Ossola, he then took a sweep round by the Lake of Maggiore, Lugano, and Como, and returned to the mountains by the glorious Valley of Anzasca. By the Moro Pass he reached the Valley of Saas, and then the Valley of the Rhine, concluding with a short sojourn in one or two of the *pensions* in the neighbourhood of Champéry. We quote his observations on these establishments, which seem to us judicious, and may be useful to those who think of trying them:—

"For children and families these high *pensions* are excellent; for, as they ought not to be taken to smaller inns in the mountains, where the room is wanted for those who climb and explore places which the children and nurses never reach, we liked it well enough; but somehow this life is not heartily Swiss. Too many English get together. The attendants lack the freshness and coolness of the regular native servants. There is too much of the telescopic pottering atmosphere of the common English watering-places. Still, in making a Swiss tour

* The Regular Swiss Round: in Three Trips. By the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A., Incumbent of St. Luke's, Berwick-street, Soho. London: Strahan.

Guide to Cook's Tours in France, Switzerland, and Italy. Compiled and Published by Thomas Cook, Tourist Manager, London and Leicester.

you will probably come across a growing number of these boarding-houses, where the elders read the *Times* in the morning and walk out for two or three hours in the afternoon, and the children do lessons with their governess at regular times. This is not what we like to associate with the knapsack, the hobnails, and the alpenstock; and I would warn any one who spends, say a month, in Switzerland, to avoid the *pensions*. Let him move on, and weeks will seem double. No doubt you can get fine views from a boarding-house; but the hour of dinner, one o'clock, and the prevailing habits of the establishment, give an in-door, stationary character to the society which you find there, hostile to progress and enterprise. I refer especially to these larger *pensions*. We sat down about sixty to tea. At some houses there may be a dozen who can make an arrangement with the inn-keeper to put the dinner-hour at a time consistent with a day's walk; but I know of few inns where they dine *en pension* at six or seven o'clock."

The third trip is principally devoted to the Grisons and the Engadine. Mr. Jones warmly recommends the latter district—and we quite agree with him—to those who seek mountain air, but do not climb. It is in fact, as he calls it, "a long plateau up in the clouds." Very fair accommodation can be obtained at Pontresina; and there is an excellent inn at St. Moritz. At the latter place there will, we suppose, soon be an English church. At any rate, our author tells us that when he was last there, a shrewd and liberal hotel-keeper had given a site, and that a very considerable portion of the requisite building funds had been collected. As a centre for excursions of all shades of ease or difficulty, the two places we have named cannot easily be excelled. A lady can find easy strolls without number; those who like to potter about glaciers in a quiet way can be upon them within a few minutes' walk from the high road; while for heroes of the Alpine Club there is the Piz Bernina, and other summits of the same kind. Altogether it is a most attractive district, and is almost every year visited by an increasing number of English. Here we must part with Mr. Jones, but we hope to meet him again in the literature of holiday travel.

The second publication whose title is given below belongs rather to the commercial than to the descriptive literature of travel. It does, indeed, profess to be in some sort a "guide;" but it is in reality nothing but a prospectus of "Cook's trips." That is the only excuse for the vile English—or what is intended to pass as English—in which it is written. No one expects anything better in an advertisement. But although this pamphlet—or, in its own language, this *brochure*—is contemptible enough as a book, it is a little curious as an indication of the mode in which a taste for foreign travel is spreading amongst all sorts of people. Mr. Cook, who keeps two or three teetotal hotels in Leicester and London, appears to have conceived the notion of becoming a leader—or, as he would say, of discharging "Ciceronic functions"—to those who wish to go abroad, but, from ignorance of foreign languages and general imbecility, are unable to make their own way, and take care of themselves. He assures us that his services have proved acceptable to a large number of persons of both sexes, who have under his auspices invaded Switzerland, and even penetrated Italy. We are delighted to hear it, although we cannot help indulging a hope that it may never be our fortune to be in any place when the "Napoleon of Excursions" (*vide* Tourists' Address) arrives there with one of his hordes of northern barbarians. However, if those people who cannot look after themselves will travel, it is well that there should be a gentleman like Mr. Cook ready to take them in hand. We have no doubt his services are, as he gives us to understand, much in request. No one can deny that the helpless British tourist has long been in want of a guide, philosopher, and friend, who would see that he went to the proper railway-stations, got his passport in right form, and did not get fleeced more than he fairly ought. Mr. Cook does not, however, confine himself to conducting bands of excursionists. He has arranged a system of monthly fares, and of circular tours for Paris, Switzerland, and Italy, which may be made available by an individual traveller, and will effect a considerable saving of fares. That is certainly a very good thing in its way, and we are quite ready to give our Leicester friend the credit he deserves for doing something substantial to abate the cost of foreign travel. We will give him a hint in return. He informs us that before next year he is going to remodel the present publication, and give it the character of a permanent guide. Let us recommend him to put it behind the fire instead. If he can then find a writer who is neither humorous, nor smart, nor eloquent, he may possibly produce something which is not wholly offensive to the taste of all but "penny-a-liners" and their literary disciples.

MYSTIFICATIONS.*

MISS CLEMENTINA STIRLING GRAHAME, it appears, is a Scotch lady, who, some forty years ago, or more, while she was yet young, used to astonish and amuse her friends by the assumption of fictitious characters, which she would sustain during a whole evening, and often so as to deceive those who were the most intimately acquainted with her. A few years ago, she printed for private distribution the present collection of her reminiscences; and she has now been induced to give the book to the public. That the volume will be popular in Scotland we can well believe, for our

northern fellow-countrymen have in all such matters very much the character of a large private party, and anything which is essentially Scotch in character, and which refers to the famous Edinburgh circles of the last generation, is sure to interest them. But to us at the South the work appears, for the most part, singularly frivolous and dull. It contains an account of the several impersonations of Miss Grahame—how she dressed, what she said, what was said to her, and how every one was very much surprised; also some sketches of persons both in high and humble life whom Miss Grahame has known in years gone by, but who do not appear to us to have had much that was remarkable about them. We must make, by the bye, an exception in favour of Miss Menie Trotter; who, if she really uttered on her death-bed such a speech as is here recorded, must have been a very wonderful old lady indeed. In other respects, however, the sketch is well done and striking.

The characters assumed by Miss Grahame seem to have been almost always old women—certainly the easiest parts to enact, or at least the most likely to divert attention from the actual personality of the performer, because of the difference of age and the elaborate make-up. We can perfectly well understand, however, that the lady was endowed with a notable faculty, the exhibition of which was interesting to her friends. To act a part throughout a whole evening, in the presence of intimate associates, who are, nevertheless, utterly blinded as to the truth—to be in fact young, and yet to seem wrinkled and toothless for hours—to dine and sup in such a way as to carry out the illusion, and to be obliged to improvise ideas, modes of speech, and facts, suitable to the fictitious character—all this indicates a higher order of ability, or a rarer gift, than that of ordinary actors, who have the advantages of distance, scenic accessories, and a part provided for them, and to whose success it is not necessary that they should successfully impose on any one's credulity. Miss Grahame must have had great lissomeness of feature and unusual power over the muscles of the face. Though possessing a good set of teeth, she gave the appearance of toothlessness by drawing the lips over the jaws—a fatiguing thing if only done for half an hour, and, one would have supposed, impossible for several hours together. Sir Walter Scott, in one of his journals, gives an interesting account of the impersonations of Miss Grahame. He met her at Lord Gillies's—in what year is not stated, but she then looked about thirty years old. Her conversation he describes as shrewd and sensible, but not brilliant. After dinner she went off as to the play, and returned in the character of an old Scottish lady. Sir Walter was in the secret, and says he did his best to keep up the ball, but that she "cut him out of all feather." He adds that "the prosing account she gave of her son, the antiquary, who found an auld wig in a slate quarry, was extremely ludicrous, and she puzzled the Professor of Agriculture with a merciless account of the succession of crops in the parks around her old mansion-house. No person to whom the secret was not intrusted had the least guess of an impostor, except one shrewd young lady present, who observed the hand narrowly, and saw it was plumper than the age of the lady seemed to warrant." Miss Grahame herself, in the dedication to the privately printed edition of her work, says that "the cleverest people were the easiest mystified, and, when once the deception took place, it mattered not how arrant the nonsense, or how exaggerated the costume. Indeed, children and dogs were the only detectives." The personifications not being imitations of actual living beings, but only types of classes, Miss Grahame never lost a friend by the exercise of her peculiar faculty; but, on the contrary, frequently made friends by the amusement which she gave. "I often," she writes, "felt so identified with the character, so charmed with the pleasure manifested by my audience, that it became painful to lay aside the veil, and descend again into the humdrum realities of my own self." We can readily understand this, and it was of course the great secret of her success.

Willing as we are, however, to have some record of the achievements of this lady, we must say that we find the greater part of this volume very tiresome reading. There appears to have been a great sameness in the dramatic assumptions, and we confess we do not care to read scene after scene of broad Scotch, unfolding no story, and giving no very vivid idea of character. Seeing the names of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, and some of the other celebrated men of the northern metropolis forty years ago, we hoped to find some interesting reminiscences; but there are next to none. Of Scott, all that we gather in the way of personal anecdote is the circumstance of his having, after seeing Miss Grahame in one of her dramatic scenes (on the occasion which he refers to in his journal), leant over her at parting, and exclaimed, "Awa! awa! the deil's ower grit wi' you!"—which we hope none of our readers will ask us to translate, for our knowledge of Scotch does not go so far. There is an amusing anecdote, however, of a Prince of Monaco, who, coming to London, thought it had been lighted up in honour of his arrival, and ejaculated in his gratitude, "I've often heard the English were a polite nation, but this is too much!" The introduction to Miss Grahame's "Mystifications" supplied by Dr. John Brown is equally disappointing. Dr. Brown is an excellent writer, but he does not shine on the present occasion. He knew several of the great men of the past, but he can do little else than discourse, in a very flowery style, about their fine eyes and handsome countenances. Sir Walter, it seems, possessed a "pawky" face; but, not having a Scotch dictionary at hand, we find ourselves at a loss to derive any meaning from the word. The following reminiscence of the great novelist is worth something:—

* *Mystifications*. By Clementina Stirling Grahame. Edited by John Brown, M.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

"I remember him about that time: he used to walk up and down Princes-street, as we boys were coming from the High School, generally with some friend, and every now and then he stopped, and, resting his left leg against his stick, laughed right out at some joke of his friend's or his own: he said a good laugh was worth standing for, and besides required it for its completion. How we rejoiced, when we took off our bonnets, to get a smile and a nod from him, thinking him as great as Julius Cæsar or Philopœmon, Hector or Agricola, any day."

So, also, is this about Count Flahault:—

"It is said that when in Edinburgh about this time, the Count, having beaten a famous whist-player, was asked by him with *quasi* nonchalance, and *apropos* of his having been one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp, 'How did Buonaparte look after the battle of Waterloo?' replied, 'Just as you do, sir.'"

One of the very best things in the book is the vignette on the title-page, by Mr. W. H. Paton, R.S.A., representing Miss Grahame's old country residence, Duntrune. It is an exquisite bit of landscape—full, even, of a mysterious beauty, and touched with all the shadowy tenderness of twilight.

NEW NOVELS.*

To come at the drift of "Cyril Blount, or Trust-Money," it is necessary to read carefully the author's preface. Viewed in the light of the explanation there given, his work ought to be found to "point a moral" on the subject of the present "Laws of Settlement and Bankruptcy," and the "crying evils" attendant thereon. We should not like to say that no persevering reader is ever likely to find this moral; we can only confess that we have not succeeded in discovering it ourselves. Acting in the spirit of the dogma that all roads lead to Rome, the author may have considered that a three-volume novel of nearly average merit would be as good a guide as any on the way to law reform. It is hard to quarrel with a man for doing what he thinks is best, and who works no harm in doing it; only it appears to us that "Cyril Blount" is not the kind of trumpet-blast which will rouse any Lord Chancellor of the present or future into abnormal law-reforming activity. Candidly speaking, we do not think that moral-pointing is by any means the forte of the author of "Cyril Blount" and "Recommended to Mercy," and we are strongly of opinion that such stories as his will always be the better for being simply told for their own sakes, and without ulterior views as to teaching. The plot of "Cyril Blount" is neither complicated nor exciting; it is not wanting, however, in stirring incidents, and, as it is highly flavoured with rascality, even to a taste of murder, it will be followed through its windings with interest. What the book needs most to make it a good book is refinement; it has, in a remarkable degree, the faults of flippancy and slanginess. In parts, indeed, the dialogue is positively coarse. Such writing as the following, representing a passage or two of the conversation of a young lady and gentleman in love with each other, strikes us as being in the worst taste possible. The young lady is telling her lover that her mother is believed to be on the point of marrying one Captain Henslow who is reported to have been "a very wild man." She says:—"Many people say that he has had two wives before—married two sisters! Horrid! I cannot understand how people can do such dreadful things." To which Cyril—a virtuous young gentleman, and the son of a very virtuous clergyman—delicately replies: "*Omnia vincit amor!*—But, on my soul, Maudie, you half frightened me. I almost thought the fellow had been spooning you. Come, now, don't look cross; I dare say he's been foolish, but your mother has promised to make an honest man of him, and there will be the end of it." Such talk as this is a libel on the young men and women of the present time, who—in spite of the regrettable adoption, or rather affectation of "fast" manners—we are happy to believe have not yet lost the reticence, modesty, and sentiment, which are the natural inheritance of youth in decent society. *Verbum sat sapienti.* The author of "Cyril Blount" is well able to examine for himself the bearings of this question more closely than he appears to have done while writing his present novel: we have little doubt as to the result he would arrive at, if he would but take the pains to make this investigation.

In his novel of "A Splendid Fortune," Mr. Hain Friswell, the author of "The Gentle Life," exhibits all the qualities that recommend him to the admirers of his books of republished essays. He writes with a ready pen about anything and everything; his pages are studded with literary allusions; his ink might almost be supposed to hold in solution any number of apposite quotations. He is "nothing if not satirical;" but his satire is not of so muscular a character as to endanger the bones of any one against whom it may be directed. Of all whom he hits, more or less hard, in his present novel—and they are not a few—perhaps the only person

who might have just cause of complaint is the popular conjuror presented under the *nomme de théâtre* of the Warlock of the South. Mr. Friswell, however, calls him "a good fellow," even while showing him up as a master of *charlatanerie*. In the following digest of one of the Warlock's wonderful printed addresses, there will be recognised a not remote likeness to a "poster" with which the London hoardings are at this moment "vociferous," as Leigh Hunt said of the "Warren's Jet" bills of fifty years ago:—"The Great Anglo-American-Hibernico Prestidigitateur, in his researches into the Philosophy of the Hidden and Obscure, following the footsteps of Aureolus, Paracelsus, Dr. Dee, Eutropius, Polybius, and the Thaumaturgists, exploring the wonders of the Deipnosophists as explained by Herodotus in his History, book Euterpe, sec. iv., had fallen upon some wonderful discoveries which he could present, and was anxious to present, in all their mystery before his early patrons, a London audience, for the last time, for the secret should die with him." Mr. Friswell undertakes to be amusing, and is amusing accordingly. We shall not unravel the coils of mystery which he has ingeniously fabricated in his plot. His readers will find themselves interested in the fact of there being a "splendid fortune," coupled with grave doubts as to whom it belongs: for our own part, we make no question that his admirers will be satisfied with his mode of settling all the difficulties of the case.

Mr. S. W. Fullon's story is decidedly an advance on the novels he has previously published. If he would only do himself the justice to write with more care, he might readily win for himself a solid position as a novelist. "For Love or Money" is full of blemishes of a kind that even ordinary revision of the proof-sheets ought to have cleared away. "Somnambula," for "La Sonnambula," repeated two or three times within as many pages, and following closely upon the heels of "Il Travatore," are instances of carelessness calculated to impress his readers unfavourably. He has merits, however, which emphatically outweigh his demerits; he is lively, sensible, amusing, and he can be both natural and pathetic in his portraiture of character. His young ladies and gentlemen—though he makes them say a world too many smart things—behave like well-bred people. His *dramatis personæ* contain several really admirably-drawn characters, and his plot—though it fails as to *dénouement*—is full of lively incident, and sufficiently involved to keep the reader interested in its development to the last.

The author of "Miles Buller" would have done better had he written his book in two, instead of three volumes—or he would have done better still, perhaps, had he reduced his three volumes to the bulk of one. What might possibly have been a very good novel is spoiled by his apparently irrepressible prolixity. He will have his say out, though his plot stops and his characters are losing their hold on the reader's attention. Still, he draws with a fresh and vigorous touch, running at present a little too much in the direction of caricature; he is evidently the reverse of a careless writer, and his story, such as it is, grows in interest as it advances.

Like the novel just noticed, "The Heiress of Blackburnfoot" deals with Scottish life, but deals with it altogether from a serious point of view. We take it to be the work of a lady, and imagine that it is her first attempt at novel-writing. On this account, and because there is very considerable promise in the book, we are inclined to pass lightly over its faults, the gravest of which is, that the "agony" is piled up for the most part gratuitously. The story is worked out with considerable power, both dramatic and descriptive, and the idea on which it is based is a very good one. We specially commend the judgment of the authoress, in confining her work to the modest, but perfectly adequate, limit of one volume.

Since the appearance of the "Rose of Tistelön," in 1844, the works of Emilie Carlen have been almost as familiarly known to English novel-readers as those of Miss Bremer herself, the most popular of Swedish novel-writers. The "Guardian," the latest of the translated stories of Madame Carlen, will help to keep alive the reputation she has so long enjoyed here; it is marked by all the strongest characteristics of her former stories, and will recall favourably her "Woman's Life," which presented her for the first time to the English reader as a painter of scenes of elegant life. The translation, by Mrs. Bushby, is full of spirit and character.

Most likely, the author of "The Uttermost Farthing" proposed to himself to write a "sensation" novel, but the novel which he has produced is not in the least sensational. His mode of treating his materials is, in fact, the very reverse of that which would be employed by a "sensation" novelist. With him there is no idea of elaborate plot, no mystery, no far-sought motives; wickedness, crime, horror, are the ingredients of his story, and he pours them out with unstinting copiousness—he puts them together, indeed, with a plainness really interesting to study. A murder is simply a murder to Mr. Cecil Griffith, and a murderer is nothing but a murderer, to be hanged—if he is not murdered in his turn. A good novel is hardly likely to be produced under such conditions, and the most we can say of "The Uttermost Farthing" is that it is precisely one of those books which may be read with attention and relished by readers who would yawn over "The Woman in White" or "Eleanor's Victory." To such readers we commend it accordingly.

"Worth or Birth" is a novel by a lady. We can imagine that, among the authoress's set, it passes for a beautiful composition. Unfortunately, we cannot speak of it in terms of equally warm admiration. It belongs to a type of novel which we had hoped was buried in the past, at least five fathoms deep—the tenth-rate

* Cyril Blount; or, Trust-Money. By the Author of "Recommended to Mercy." Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

A Splendid Fortune. By the Author of "The Gentle Life." Three vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

For Love or Money. By S. W. Fullon. Three vols. London: Skeet.

Miles Buller; or, the Little World of Onnigate. Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

The Heiress of Blackburnfoot. One vol. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

The Guardian. By Emilie Flygare Carlen. Three vols. London: Bentley.

The Uttermost Farthing. By Cecil Griffith. Three vols. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

Worth or Birth. By Mrs. R. A. Armitage. Two vols. London: Newby.

"circulating library novel," with automata for characters, tittle-tattle for dialogues, platitudes for sentiment, and characters, dialogues, and sentiment sprinkled with *quasi*-piety, as with flour out of a dredging-box. "Worth or Birth" reproduces the characteristics of the type in their general resemblance to the worst examples of it, with a completeness that, somehow, reminds us of Mrs. Kenwigs and her progeny. The gentility of these novels was always superfine, and the language in which they were written was superfine to correspond. In both of these qualities the authoress of "Worth or Birth" does justice to the traditions of her school. She is high genteel from beginning to end. The Misses Skeggs would have spoken encouragingly of her style, which could only be attained by one familiar with "Shakespeare, taste, and the musical glasses." An example of the choiceness of the language employed in "Worth or Birth" occurs to us, taken from towards the end of the book. Some of the characters visit others of the characters for the purpose of taking leave of them. To have described this interesting ceremony at the head of a chapter, as "Taking Leave," or "A Farewell Visit," would, of course, have been shockingly commonplace; so the authoress—as was to have been expected of a graduate of such a genteel school of literature—describes it as "Two Years After: A Visit Pour Prendre Conge" (*sic*). The authoress will, no doubt, like her book to be quoted. Here are one or two characteristic passages, which seem to us as if they had had extra pains bestowed on their composition:—

"I am exceedingly sorry, my love, to disturb you from enjoying the fascinations of your fair companion, but the gentlemen are getting jealous of your monopoly," said Mrs. Grenville to her son, as he seated himself beside her.

"The gentlemen are quite welcome to her, my mother."

"Clarrie, I half agree with your cousin Ethelind, I think you are a little odd."

"Why?"

"Why, indeed! Have you not been talking with Miss Fairbairn ever since you brought her in here, and that with every appearance of satisfaction, and now you come and sit by me with the utmost indifference, and pretend to care no more about her."

"I do not pretend, mother."

"Then why monopolize her society so long?"

"Because I admired the beautiful case, and I wanted to discover if the internal fittings were worthy of it."

"Clarrie, that is a dangerous habit of yours: well, what is the result?"

"Dust and ashes."

"But we are all dust and ashes; nowhere can you find absolute perfection."

"I am not seeking it, but I know a Dead Sea apple when I see one."

"For shame, Clarrie; you believe in no one."

"I do, mother, I believe implicitly in you, and for your sake, in your sex also; if I detect spurious imitations amongst the genuine coin, it is surely not my fault."

The scene of the following, as of the above dialogue, is at a ball; this fact must be borne in mind to enjoy the reading of them in the full degree. Clarence, the young gentleman who is represented as talking to his mother in the above extract, is talking with another young gentleman in the passage which follows:—

"That is where we err; in our profound admiration for our own peculiar idiosyncrasy we seek to make woman our echo, which she never can, and was never intended to be; she has a nature separate and distinct, and the two ought never to be put in comparison."

"Much less in rivalry."

"That is an impossibility, a ridiculous contest between the head and the heart; each have their own place, part, and function in the economy of life, and neither is complete without the other; man and woman united make one complete being, but to place them in rivalry is to defeat the object of their existence."

"Exactly so. I do not believe in man being without his helpmeet," said Harry, smiling more naturally this time.

"Nor I, and yet I wish women were oftener found in the capacity of helpmeet. How that word seems to embody all one's ideas of a wife."

"Those grand old Scripture phrases always seem so apposite, but I am afraid we must read "ornament" instead of "helpmeet" for the meaning of the word wife in the present day."

"They are what the men have made them, and have ever been so. I shall always vindicate woman, even with all her follies; to me she is the most estimable portion of our nature."

These passages will, perhaps, be thought to speak, not only for themselves, but for the novel from which they are taken. We will only say that they fairly represent the literary quality of "Worth or Birth."

A DEAN'S POETRY.*

THERE are certain minds which have the habit of poetry, and even some of its elements, without that rare combination of faculties and that positive creative force which belong to genius. Wherever we find a tender, sensitive, and brooding nature, highly cultivated by a life-long familiarity with the greatest productions of literature, there we are sure to see a proneness to poetical composition, though it does not at all follow that the possessor has any actual gift of poetical insight and power. Minds of this order

* The Poetical Works of Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury. Fourth Edition, containing Many Pieces now First Collected. London: Alexander Strahan.

rather reflect, with more or less of brightness, the common stock of poetical light diffused through the literatures of ancient Greece and Rome, and of modern Italy and England, than add any new centres of heat and glory to the intellectual firmament. They, in truth, contribute nothing to the illumination; and, although their work may be agreeable to contemplate, as being in good taste and faithful to a fair exemplar, it is always suggestive of a sense of dissatisfaction, since, at best, the life of imitations is only a faint and feeble life, and the reflex is but a fragile copy of the firm and enduring original. Yet we are far from saying that such poetry should not be written. It pleases a certain class of readers who are not sufficiently poets themselves to apprehend the stronger utterances of deeper minds; and, to a still greater extent, it pleases those who write it. The composition of verse is really often a sedative to minds wearied and worn by the conflicts of the world; it soothes, and in a manner evaporates, a thousand wayward longings, a host of vague, ideal sorrows, a cloud of semi-real, semi-sentimental aspirations, desires, and fears. The really great poet finds no such repose in the act of his creation. With him it is the agony of birth, or the wrestling of frail human nature with the gods of wonder and mystery and portentous joy. But there are minds of a gentle, contemplative kind, open to the milder visitings of beauty, and quick to feel the touch of pain and disappointment, which fly to verse-writing as some men resort to opium. It quiets their nerves, and it has a similar effect on the nerves of those who read it. We find this kind of poetry largely produced by country clergymen. Given a man of a grave, affectionate disposition, fond of nature, fond of books, dwelling in the midst of beautiful scenery, and familiarized, as every worthy clergyman must be, with joyful and sad vicissitudes of life, and it is ten chances to one that he will write verses. They will be very domestic in their character; there will be a good deal in them about his wife, "the dear partner of his smiles and tears," whose arm has been linked in his for such and such a time; there will infallibly be some lines addressed to his first-born (for when was a married clergyman ever childless?); and there will be others lamenting the premature decay of some bright young blossom, for (alas!) that also seems to be invariably the case. In all this, a kindly reader will find much that is pleasing and touching—something even that is poetically suggestive; and yet it is hardly poetry, because it lacks the unconscious promptings, the fiery impulses, of genius.

It will, probably, not offend the author himself if we say that it is to the humbler class of poetry that Dean Alford's metrical productions belong. He is not a born poet; he is a poet by training, and taste, and culture. His volume contains many true and pleasant things, yet it gives no signs of a soul speaking because it must. The verses it presents belong quite to the country clergyman order of poetry—thoughtful, religious, ecclesiastical (for the two words describe two conditions of mind), domestic, and somewhat egotistical. We do not use the last word in an offensive sense, or as implying vanity; we simply mean that the author, like most clerical poets, seldom sinks his personality in the wider experiences of the great, many-sided, many-suffering world, but is perpetually taking us into his personal confidence, telling us what joy he had in this and what sorrow in that, giving even the specific dates of the events referred to, and introducing us to all the beauties of his favourite Somersetshire. Dean Alford belongs, in a great measure, to a school of poetry which has long since become old-fashioned. He chiefly affects the grave, moralizing tone which was popular in the latter half of last century, and which Wordsworth, in some of his productions, carried into the present. Cowper was, perhaps, the best writer in this vein that we have ever had; and Dean Alford sometimes reminds us of the gentle-natured, melancholy poet of Olney. This is particularly so in the first poem in the existing volume—"The School of the Heart;" but we must say that in such poems—even in the best—we are always wearily conscious of a tendency to prosiness. The poem in question is in blank verse—a heavy metre, when not handled by a master; and it is divided into "Lessons," which, though we cannot see that they teach anything very definite, give something of a schoolmaster tone to the whole. The Dean, however, makes a sort of apology for the work:—

"The School of the Heart" was written between the years 1831 and 1835—partly at Cambridge, partly at my first curacy, Ampton, near Bury St. Edmunds, but mostly during vacation sojournings and rambles on the beautiful *riviera* of the North Somersetshire coast. It is addressed to her who is now, thank God, with me in the thirty-first year of wedded companionship. It served as the channel for the pouring out of the first poetic feelings of a young and fervid spirit. It is full of crudities, and totally wanting in arrangement—rather a number of separate poems, very ill cemented together, than one coherent composition."

Many beautiful bits of description are, however, to be found in this poem, and some tender dallies with the mingled sweet and bitter of contemplation. The following passage at the conclusion of some meditations in a churchyard is fraught with feeling and subtle perception:—

"We may not lose,
After a day all consecrate as this,
The holy influence which on human souls
Flows from the sunset. Life and earthly things,
And calls importunate for daily toil,
Grant not such respite often as this day
We two have freely shared. Thankfully rise,

Dear sister of my heart, from thy low seat,
Thankfully rise, and softly move away;
Move like a dream; for all around us hangs
The balanced calm of hills and arching sky,
And the solemn sleep of death; one startling word
Breaks the fair spell for ever."

We note in several of Dean Alford's poems a strong tendency to High Church views—a love of ceremonial and priestly splendour, not only for its poetical uses, but as a sanctifier of life. He relates the old legends of Glastonbury, and of the miraculous flowering thorn, as though he believed them; and he writes an enthusiastic poem about "The Passion of St. Agnes," in which we find this stanza:—

"When the blessed Agnes saw
Near her gleam the naked blade,
'This,' she cried, with lightsome cheer,
'Is the lover shall be mine;
Rather this, though icy chill
Be its edge and pitiless,
Than some youth of odours breathing,
Falsest vows in roses wreathing.
I will go to meet its suit;
So with Christ above the arch
Of yon heaven, a virgin spouse,
Shall my marriage-feast begin.
Husband, roll thou back the doors
Of thy golden banquet house;
Call me, I will follow thee,
Virgin victim, virgin spouse!'"

If the blessed Agnes really did make such a speech, it is a pity there was no one at hand with wisdom enough to tell her that she was indulging in the grossest egotism and self-worship, and a thinly-disguised sensualism.

Dean Alford's volume is dedicated, in terms of the most glowing eulogy, to Mr. Tennyson. It is to the author's credit that he should have eschewed all imitation of his friend.

CRUMBS FROM A SPORTSMAN'S TABLE.*

WE have here a series of graphic sketches and anecdotes of hunting, written in a lively and agreeable style which never oversteps the bounds of good taste, and cannot fail to prove amusing to those lovers of the noble sport who, though heroes in the field, are "fond of light reading," and prefer the *entrées* and side-dishes on the table of literature to a *pièce de résistance* in the shape of history or philosophy. The first volume contains thirteen chapters, entitled "Cover-side Sketches," the headings of which—as "Our County Member," "A Popular Man," "Parson Heathfield," "The Gentleman Dealer," "The Professional Dealer," "Of Funkers and their Habits," &c.—will give our readers some idea of the nature of their contents, and, taken in conjunction with the following quotation, will enable them to judge how far the fare provided is suited to their taste:—

"The Heathfields of Heathfield are of a very great family. I mean one of our fine old county families, in a land where blood has its value. There is no place like Grassington for that. A county ball there is a county ball, I can tell you. A very fine, solemn assembly of lords, ladies, and commoners, who come together about half-past eleven and separate about two, the stewards having done their duty by paying for the music. In such a convocation, the Heathfields are perfectly at home; they know everybody, can afford to be even familiar with the squirarchy, and positively kind to the inferior clergy. In fact, it was, is, and always has been, a very charming family; and if that were all we had to say about it, we might dismiss the subject in a very few words. But the Heathfields of Heathfield have higher claims on the historian; they have peculiarities not appertaining to all men—distinguishing marks of hereditary pride, deserving a niche in the temple of Fame. The family has always afforded a member for the county, a parson for the rectory of Heathfield, and a fox from the family gorse, since the time of the Rump. Now, a member of Parliament is common enough; and we might not have stepped aside to exhibit the portrait of anything so vulgar. But a Reverend Gilbert Heathfield, rector of Heathfield, a county magistrate, chairman of the union, a first-rate shot, and the quickest man for twenty minutes on his own side of the county, is not to be treated thus lightly."

The second volume, under the title of "Roadside Scrapings, at Home and Abroad," is mainly made up of light sketches of a similar character. In one chapter, headed "The Prince of Wales as a Sportsman," however, something more than mere amusement has been aimed at. To those who would deprecate the patronage of the Turf by his Royal Highness, our author replies that it is surely no compliment to the Prince to tell him that he is so deficient in strength as to fall a prey to the temptations which thousands withstand, or to bid him avoid a duty because it is hampered with certain perils to the courteous, the weak, or the self-indulgent; and he then earnestly insists upon the great benefit the Turf might derive from the influence and example of the heir-apparent, if exerted in a direction calculated to cleanse and purify this institution, which has doubtless contributed so much to our national pre-eminence in horseflesh.

By far the most interesting chapter in the book, however, is the last—"The History of the Pytchley Hunt" (from family MSS. in

the Althorpe library, in the handwriting of the present Earl Spencer's great-grandfather), rewritten from *Baily's Magazine*. At a time when the endurance of our racers and the weight-carrying powers of our hunters are loudly asserted by some to have degenerated, whilst the statement is as stoutly denied by others, or even the converse maintained, we turn with no little curiosity to this chronicle of the achievements of the hunting-field a century ago. The length of the runs, and the extent of country crossed in pursuit of the fox, cannot fail to strike the inquirer. Doubtless, as is usually the case, each side of the controversy will find matter for the confirmation of their own opinions; but, without wholly becoming *laudatores temporis acti* as regards fox-hunting, we must confess that what we call good sport seems to have predominated as the rule; and the length and other recorded features of the runs create the impression that, on the whole, the hounds hunted their fox with more care and perseverance. One authentic testimony to the early hours of our forefathers we must not omit to quote for the benefit of the present generation:—"On August 12th, 1812, we threw into cover at 10 minutes before 4."

THE SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS.

THE *Intellectual Observer* opens with a very curious and interesting article from the pen of Mr. William Bollaert upon the Mexican Zodiac. The habits of the ancient Aztec races, and the knowledge of science which they possessed, are subjects that have lately received considerable attention from ethnologists; and the writer of the present article is a gentleman who has already distinguished himself as an explorer of the relics of former Mexican civilization. It would appear that the "red races" of Mexico possessed a very intimate acquaintance with the general principles of astronomy. The strange sculptured object which Mr. Bollaert regards as a zodiac, and minutely describes in the paper before us, bears evidence of the fact. It is a circular piece of stone, some twelve or more feet in diameter, and presents ideal representations of the sun and the several periods into which the Mexican year was divided. This zodiac was carved at Tenaniltlan out of a mass of finely-porous basalt—a rock very common in the country—and was taken to the city of Mexico. On reaching the quarter of Xoloc, it broke from its bearings, and was precipitated into the lake, when the high-priest and many others were drowned. Being rescued from the water, it was transported to the temple Hintzilo-pochtli, and its inauguration celebrated by awful sacrifices of prisoners captured in war. In order to understand the exact signification of the symbols which are carved upon the slab, it is necessary to be familiar with the dimensions of time employed by the Mexicans, and the objects after which the several periods were designated. The writer gives the following description of them:—"The Mexican year was divided into eighteen months of twenty days each, each month being named after some incident or natural object. The months were divided into weeks, not of seven, but of five days each, and the days of the month were designated by words signifying a sea-animal, the wind, a house, a small lizard, a serpent, death, a deer, a rabbit, water, a dog, an ape, twisted grass, a reed, a jaguar, an eagle, a bird, the motion of the sun, silex or flint, rain, and a flower. The cardinal points were designated in the same singular manner. Their first point was in the east, and was represented by a cane; west was named a house, north a flint, and south a rabbit." Having made these preliminary remarks, the writer proceeds to show that the carvings upon the stone indicate the months, weeks, seasons, &c., and, in the course of his remarks, affords us an amount of information which is both pleasant and profitable reading. The communication by Mr. Burr upon "Photography at the Greenwich Observatory" is of equal importance, though less intelligible to those unfamiliar with physical science. The applications of photography are perhaps more numerous than those of any discovery, except electricity and steam. The public are tolerably familiar with its application to lithography and sculpture; but they are hardly aware that it is now taken advantage of at the National Observatory, for the purposes of self-registration of the variation of the magnetic needle and other instruments. Photography has at Greenwich become a veritable "slave of the lamp," kept night and day recording the numerous operations of the physical world. The principle is simple enough. A mirror is attached to that part of the instrument which records, and this is so arranged that it can reflect a spot of light from a naphthalized gas-jet upon photographic paper, which is kept revolving at a fixed velocity. As the needle (or other part of the instrument) vibrates, the spot of light waves along the paper, and thus records indelibly the strange physical phenomena which are momentarily occurring in our own and other worlds. The other articles are "On Lunar Details," by the Rev. J. Webb; "An Excursion to the Crag District," by Henry Woodward, F.G.S.; and "The Illumination of Microscopic Objects," a most valuable paper by the Editor.

The *Journal of Botany* does not improve, and we doubt very much whether it is a periodical whose long existence can safely be predicated. In the present number we find only two original articles, and those, though of some importance, are heavy reading for all save persons specially interested in the questions discussed. Mr. Baker's contribution upon "The English Mints" is a good summary of our present knowledge of these monopterals, but, extending as it does over three-fourths of the whole number of pages in the "issue," it is much too long. One of the more noteworthy points in the method of diagnosis of these plants which the writer indicates relates to the characters of the stamens. "The length of the stamens, so much relied upon by the older writers as a diagnostic character, is utterly valueless for that purpose. All the common forms . . . may be seen not unfrequently with *asserted* and *included* stamens in the same individual. There does not seem to be here any tendency to the state of things seen in *Linum* and *Primula*. It is far more usually the stamens that are variable in length, and the style is only very rarely not protruded beyond the

* Crumbs from a Sportsman's Table. By Charles Clarke, Author of "Charlie Thornhill," "Which is the Winner?" &c. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

corolla." Mr. Babington records the discovery of *Potamogeton nitens* in the River Tay, and Seeman adds to his former lists of double flowers. The reviews and correspondence complete the number.

Newton's Journal of the Arts is chiefly remarkable for an article on "The Atlantic Cable" which has met with such a sad disaster. The paper was evidently written long before the last accident occurred, and it is of great importance, for it shows us that, notwithstanding the much vaunted scientific arrangements of the company, the method adopted of paying out the cable from the *Great Eastern* was essentially a bad one, and calculated to produce faults in the insulation of the coil. "In a national undertaking like the laying of the Atlantic cable, it was highly important that every precaution should have been taken to insure success, even though the managing director of the company had been reduced to the mortifying position of acknowledging merit in the invention of a rival manufacturer;" . . . "but to jeopardise, to ever so small an extent, a national undertaking by omitting to use the best known form of apparatus for laying down the sub-marine telegraph cable, for fear of consequences independent of the enterprise in hand, is altogether indefensible."

The *Artizan* deviates a little from its ordinary path to supply us with an essay upon "The Education of Engineers," which deserves very careful consideration. The writer disapproves of the idea that the purely grimy practical mechanic is the man most likely to succeed as an engineer, and shows us that even those great men whom succeeding generations have regarded as men ignorant of science were very intimately conversant with theoretical teachings. He recommends that "the tyro be placed in such a position that he may have access to works, mechanical or civil, of magnitude and importance. Use all endeavours to develop in his mind an interest in the general principles by which they are affected, and the difficulties which arise during their progress; then let him study theory for each case as it arises, merely to enable him to understand their principles and their application. Thus, if he is diligent and intellectual, he will have most strongly impressed upon his mind the necessity of ascertaining and overcoming obstacles, which can only be understood by inspection, and will value abstract science rightly as his guide in completing such projects as he may undertake. If, on the other hand, he is not diligent and intellectual, there is but one remark to make—let him not enter the profession."

Hardwicke's Science Gossip is no more than an average number, and we are compelled to find the same fault with its general character as in we did our last notice. It professes to be a gossiping periodical devoted to general science, and the ornamentation of its cover would lead the reader to suppose that its professions were faithfully carried out. Such, however, is not the case: it is filled *ad nauseam* with stories about remarkable birds, wonderful insects, &c., so that we are occasionally reminded of the gigantic gooseberries and five-legged monsters from ordinary newspaper paragraphs. Natural History is an exceedingly interesting pursuit, but it by no means represents science in the widest sense of the word. We hope to see a better state of things in the next number.

The *Social Science Review* contains, amongst other articles, one on "Cholera," very appropriate at the present time, when we are expecting a visitation of that alarming disease. The writer is a physician, and he is of opinion that the source of the malady is in the alimentary canal, and that the cause is foul water corrupted by sewage, towns which have a good supply of pure water escaping, even though their sanitary conditions may in other respects be bad.

SHORT NOTICES.

Notes from Paris; or, Why are Frenchmen and Englishmen Different? (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.)—The pleasant series of occasional papers published under the title of "Odds and Ends" has received a very agreeable addition in the essay now in our hands. The author is a Scotch gentleman, who, in the spring of the present year, made a trip to Paris, and from thence wrote to a friend some observations on the existing political and social condition of France, and the causes of the dissimilarity of Frenchmen and Englishmen. The Emperor he found very generally unpopular, although, for himself, he is inclined to give him credit for having conferred several services on the country. Napoleon III., it seems, is "subject to pretty long attacks of low spirits, during which he hardly notices what is passing, nor speaks to anybody. Then, all of a sudden, he rallies, drives off the foul fiend, and rushes out to skate by torchlight, or for some other exciting amusement, to change the current of the blood." The writer was informed by a Frenchman that "the Corps Législatif is not a mere toy" to amuse the people, for that the latter "would not pay the taxes without a vote of their representatives—without a law passing." We find, however, the old stories of coercion of the electors by Mayors and Préfets. The same Frenchman admitted that, for general purposes, the Government does not press heavily on the purse, and that, in fact, it has decreased the direct taxation nearly one-fifth; but he added that this boon was balanced by a great increase of the indirect taxes. The town taxes, however, are the main grievance, the Préfet of the Seine levying about £1,000,000 sterling every year to lay out in new streets and houses. Religion is getting more popular than it used to be, but the mass of the population are still very ignorant. In the opinion of our author, one great cause of the national distinction between Englishmen and Frenchmen is to be found in the management of the young of both sexes, who are married arbitrarily by the will of their parents, without that previous season of love and courtship which in this country goes so far towards shaping the character and purifying the life of our English people. "If, as I think," writes the author, "we find this amiable people [the French]—the most amiable and agreeable nation of Europe, and the most intellectual on the whole—wanting some of the higher aims and objects, some of the nobler aspirations of man's nature, I cannot help thinking one cause may be that early fatal mistake which makes marriage a commercial transaction, and blights

and misdirects the whole course of after life." The essay altogether is well worth reading.

The "Times" on the American War. A Historical Study. By L. S. (Ridgway).—Setting aside all differences of opinion as to the rights or wrongs of the American civil war, it would, we conceive, be impossible for any honest man, whether his sympathies during the contest were Northern or Southern, to read this record of the vacillations of the *Times* on the greatest question of these latter days without a strong feeling of contempt and disgust. That a journal may sometimes, with the accession of new facts and a consequent greater maturity of judgment, be justified in modifying its original views, is unquestionable; but that it should oscillate from month to month, and from week to week, according as the fortune of war veered from side to side, is a spectacle so disgraceful that all who are interested in the purity and honour of English journalism should combine to denounce it. We had ourselves occasion, last week, in another department of this Review, to reprobate the cowardice of the *Times* in kicking the prostrate body of Secession after having, in the days of its strength, been among its most enthusiastic admirers; and, in the pamphlet before us, "L. S." shows how the fickle vane of Printing House-square has shifted from day to day, according as the wind came from the South or the North. In the course of upwards of a hundred pages, we have a large body of quotations from *Times'* leading articles on the American war, from the commencement to the close of that gigantic struggle; and a more lamentable picture of moral corruption and mental incapacity has never been presented. The sympathies of the author of the pamphlet are avowedly Northern; but this is a question, not of politics, but of common honesty, and the opinions of all honest men, of whatever shade of politics, must be the same in such a case.

Lost Friends Found Again; or, Heavenly Solace for Christian Mourners. Edited by Edward Shepherd Smedley. (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.)—This is a collection of passages from celebrated authors, both in prose and verse, on the immortality of the soul, its consciousness during separation from the body, its immediate admission at death into the presence of Christ, its happiness in its glorified state, the recognition and reunion of friends in Heaven, &c. The work is dedicated to Lord Shaftesbury, and contains the thoughts of many minds on the most weighty of subjects.

We have also received an edition, in one volume, printed in very small but clear type, of *Longfellow's Poetical Works*, with portrait (Routledge & Sons);—a new edition, also in one volume, of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* (Same Publishers);—Normanton, by A. J. Borrowcliffe, being one of Messrs. Smith & Elder's "Monthly Volumes of Standard Authors," remarkably well printed in good-sized type, and published at a shilling;—and the fifth edition of *The Search for a Publisher, or Counsels for a Young Author* (A. W. Bennett).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

By the decease of Mr. Joseph Parkes, one of the taxing-masters in the Court of Chancery, and widely known amongst members of the Whig party as a most influential ally, the literary world will lose a work of historical criticism and inquiry which would have ranked with the most important books of the kind issued during the present century. In literature, as in politics, Mr. Parkes's great strength lay in his intimate knowledge of the history of parties, and of the various important attempts that have been made towards administrative reform, from the days of "Junius," and the vigorous letters in the *Public Advertiser*, down to the last considerable attempt at a reconstruction of our representative system. It was a complete history of the famous Junius correspondence, with the state of politics at the time, and the undoubted identification of the extraordinary author, that had engaged Mr. Parkes's attention during the last fifteen or twenty years of his life. This important work the deceased gentleman had actually made arrangements for publishing; and, we believe, in anticipation of its appearance, Mr. H. G. Bohn alluded to the work in a late volume of his useful "Bibliographer's Manual." Not a newspaper, not a pamphlet, not a scrap of political information of the period (printed or manuscript), had Mr. Parkes allowed to remain unexplored. Everything that came in his way was examined. The last time we remember to have seen him—in the spring of the present year—he was wending his way down Piccadilly, highly delighted at a huge folio collection of *Say's Weekly Newspapers, 1760-75*, with a manuscript index (by some former "Junius" student) pasted at the end, which he had fallen in with for a few shillings, and which he was carrying off under his arm with great gusto. Some years since, Mr. Parkes resided in Saville-row, and it was here that he collected an extraordinary historical and antiquarian library, which contained some things perfectly unique in their way. One noted series was a collection of the private Acts of Parliament from the days of the Stuarts to George III.; another was a curious series of original proclamations from the reign of Henry VIII. to George III. It is believed that this was the most perfect gathering of the kind in England. When Mr. Parkes decided upon changing the character of his library, this, with some other very valuable collections, passed into the possession of the late Mr. Salt, the eminent banker, who presented the bulk of the proclamations to the library of the Society of Antiquaries. At present, it is not decided what will be done with the extraordinary series of books and pamphlets illustrating the Junius controversy which Mr. Parkes has left behind him. Efforts will be made to throw the results of the deceased gentleman's literary labours together with a view to publication, if a competent editor can be found. It is well known that Mr. Parkes married in early life a granddaughter of the famous Dr. Priestly, and any books or tracts by or relating to this eminent thinker Mr. Parkes always eagerly secured. Had life spared him, he intended issuing a very full biography of the Warrington philosopher. Mr. Parkes leaves an only daughter, Miss Bessie Parkes, one of the writers, we believe, for the *Westminster Review*, and otherwise well known as an accomplished authoress.

It is said that a series of almanacks, once the property of Schiller, the poet, in which he had made numerous manuscript memoranda, has been republished in Germany. One entry is to the effect that, in August, 1799, he wrote a letter to R. B. Sheridan, who was then translating "Pizarro." The conjecture has been made that the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who possesses most of her distinguished grandfather's correspondence and papers, also has that letter.

Judge Haliburton is said to be annotating the three series of his famous "Sam Slick, or the Sayings and Doings of the Clockmaker," with a view to a new one-volume edition, which is to be profusely illustrated. Mr. Bentley will issue it as one of his Christmas books. Since the judge's residence in this country, we believe, he has not added in any way to his previous stock of gay and witty writings; indeed, the admirers of this humorist, who looked forward to further contributions of the "Sam Slick" character, have been somewhat disappointed at his literary inactivity. As an M.P. for a Conservative borough of the strictest and most proper character, however, Mr. Haliburton has probably found it difficult to appear, even occasionally, in his original character of literary merryman and Yankee jester.

Somebody has been trying his hand at a resuscitation of Major Jack Downing, who a generation ago amused by his letters the farmers of New York and Pennsylvania. What was very funny and mirth-provoking then, is insufferably dull and pointless now. A republication of the "Town and Country Jester," or of "Mercurius Pragmaticus," would be just as likely to interest modern readers as the effusions of the Major. An imitator in New York has recently concocted some letters in the style of old Mr. Downing's epistles; but a single page will satisfy any reader that this style of fun has long since lost all interest.

The new reading-room of the Imperial Library in Paris, built on the plan of Mr. Panizzi's magnificent reading-room in the British Museum, will be opened to readers early in next year. English visitors to the Bibliothèque Impériale may remember that the present reading-room stands on the site of the offices of John Law's famous bank.

Speaking of the Imperial Library, we may mention that, a short time since, the Emperor presented it with nine immense Japanese maps, one of which was a map of Jeddo. The Russian Government also has sent 300 maps prepared by the St. Petersburg topographical corps. The French Minister of Public Instruction has given it thirty-one valuable manuscripts of legends and mysteries from Lower Brittany. By the assistance of this gift, the library is now provided with the largest and most complete collection of materials relative to the ancient drama and miracle plays of Old Brittany in existence. Some private donors have sent to the library a MS. treatise or compendium of the Druses' theology, and a manuscript Life of Marguerite, daughter of Etienne, Count of Burgundy, who lived at Grenoble in 1163. The date of the latter is believed to be of the Fourteenth Century.

The decease of one of our most eminent botanists is mentioned in the morning papers. Sir William Jackson Hooker, director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, died at his residence on the 14th instant. He was born at Norwich in 1785, and from boyhood devoted himself to botanical pursuits. About thirty years ago he was appointed Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow, but that was eventually given up for the curatorship of the Royal Gardens at Kew. It was during the period of Viscount Melbourne's administration, about 1835, that he received the honour of knighthood. In 1845, the University of Oxford conferred the degree of D.C.L. upon the eminent botanist, on the nomination of the Duke of Wellington, then the Chancellor. Besides innumerable articles in Magazines and Reviews, Sir William was the author of "The British Flora," "Flora Borealis Americana," "Icones Filicum," "Genera Filicum," "Musci Exotici," "Muscologia Britannica," &c. In Admiral Beechey's account of his voyage of discovery in the Arctic Region, the botanical chapters were written by Sir William. This industrious scholar was a member of nearly all the learned and scientific societies both upon the Continent and in America, and a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

The Duke d'Aumale's appeal against the judgment of the Court of Paris, which annulled his protest against the Prefect's decree as to his "Life of the Princes of Condé," was to have come before the Cour de Cassation this week. The result of the appeal is not known; but in all probability previous decisions have been, or will be, confirmed.

Many of our readers will remember how, some time since, our railway book-stalls, and booksellers' windows, were crowded to overflowing with a number of books, all of a similar character, and evidently piracies, either in matter or title, from each other. They appeared to be founded on the model of Mr. Smiles's "Self-help," and were variously named, "Men who have Risen," "Men of our Time," "Men who Made Themselves," "Boys who became Famous Men," &c. They were all in small 8vo., all in cloth and gold, and all with pictures representing either impossibilities or improbabilities. Just such a series is now appearing in the United States, relating to the late Rebellion. All the books tell of the daring and hair-breadth escapes of wonderful boys who preferred "fighting in the glorious battles of the great Rebellion" to sitting on a school form, or working on the farm. Of course, inconsistency and untruth form the staple of these books for boys; but the publishers put them forth as school reading "full of life and spirit, that will enchain the attention of all readers. The boys are impulsive with superabundant animal life; manly, generous, healthy creatures," &c.

Northern papers announce the death of Professor Donaldson, at his country-house, Marchfield, on Saturday, the 12th instant. The deceased held the appointment of Professor of the Theory of Music in the University of Edinburgh. He had been ailing for many months, but not sufficiently so to create alarm amongst his friends.

Readers of the rambling columns of "Echoes of the Week," which the *Illustrated London News* provides weekly for its readers, will have missed Mr. Sala's pen since the spring of the year. Last week, an allusion to a recent arrival in Europe will have informed them of this gentleman's return to London. During Mr. Sala's stay in Algiers and other parts of Africa as the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*,

he has found time to compile a book, which the Messrs. TINSLEY will publish in the course of a few days. The title will be "A Trip to Barbary by a Roundabout Route." Mr. Sala, we understand, prolonged his stay after the Emperor's visit in order to glean additional particulars for his new work.

Amongst the absentees from London at the present moment may be mentioned Mr. Carlyle who is on a visit at Torsouze, the residence of Henry Inglis, Esq. For some time past, Mr. Carlyle's health has been very indifferent. The researches consequent upon the compilation of the "Life of Frederick the Great" have been of a long and exhaustive character, and the neighbourhood—Cheyne Walk, Chelsea—in which the distinguished author resides, is, during the summer months, very ill-adapted for those persons of a sedentary habit who require a bracing air.

Messrs. SOOTHEY, WILKINSON, & HODGE have just disposed of the valuable library of the late Rev. Charles H. Hartshorne, M.A.—their first sale of any importance since the great fire which destroyed Baron Humboldt's, the late George Offor's, and Lord Charlemont's libraries, in Wellington-street, Strand. Mr. Hartshorne was a successful student in our early English poetry and dramatic literature many years since; but his collection of books was more topographical than of the kind usually found in a bibliographer's library. "The Book Rarities in Cambridge," compiled by Mr. Hartshorne, has long held reputation as a "curious" rather than a useful work.

Some important changes in the ownership of literary property are mentioned in the *Publishers' Circular*. Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. have purchased the entire copyrights of all the works by the late Mr. Thackeray, and also the interest held by Messrs. Low, Son, & Marston in the novels by Mr. Wilkie Collins published by that firm, by which latter arrangement Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. are now the publishers of all the works which Mr. Wilkie Collins has as yet published.

Messrs. TINSLEY BROTHERS have in preparation the following:—"Rhoda Fleming," a new novel by George Meredith, author of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Shaving of Shagpat," &c.; "Maxwell Drewitt," a novel by the author of "George Geith," "City and Suburb," "Too Much Alone," &c.; "Running the Gauntlet," a new novel by Edmund Evans, author of "Broken to Harness," &c.; "John Neville, Soldier, Sportsman, and Gentleman," a novel; also cheap editions of some of their recent publications.

Messrs. LONGMANS & Co. publish to-day a new work, by Mr. John Baker Hopkins, entitled "A Reasonable Faith."

Messrs. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, & Co. have in preparation a novel in three volumes, by Mrs. T. K. Hervey, widow of the late editor of the *Athenæum*; and a narrative of personal adventure, entitled "The Soldier of Three Queens," by Captain Henderson.

Messrs. HOULSTON & WRIGHT have in the press "Hymns on the Holy Communion," by Ada Cawtridg, with a preface by the Rev. R. H. Baynes, M.A.

Mr. BENTLEY announces that he will publish Lady Georgiana Fullerton's new story, "Constance Sherwood," in three volumes, on the 25th instant. A second edition of Miss Marryat's "Too Good for Him," and "A Life in a Love," by Mrs. Wynne, in two volumes, are now ready; also a popular edition, in one volume, of "Uncle Silas," by Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu; and, at the end of the month, the second volume of "The Bentley (one shilling volume) Tales."

DENTU & Co. announce the first and second volume of "Œuvres de Saint Simon et d'Enfantin," which is preceded by a history of Saint-Simonism, compiled from the correspondence and other manuscripts of the masters and disciples.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adolphus (Rev. O.), Compendium Theologicum. 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.
 Banks (Mr. and Mrs. G. L.), Daisies in the Grass. Square, 10s. 6d.
 Bible Words for Daily Use. 24mo., 1s. 6d.
 Birds' Nests. 16mo., 3s.
 Blight (J. T.), Churches of West Cornwall. 8vo., 6s.
 Black's Guide to Cornwall. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Hereford and Monmouth. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Gloucestershire. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Buchanan (R.) Undertones. 2nd edit. Fcap., 5s.
 Capern (E.), Wayside Warbles. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Chambers' Historical Questions. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Fisher (J.), History and Antiquities of Masham. 8vo., 21s.
 Fortnightly Review (The). Vol. I. Royal 8vo., 12s.
 Giles' Key to the Classics.—Euripides, Medea, and Phœniassæ. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
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